The Nation.

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The Week.

There was an upward rush of stocks and bonds when it became known that the silverites had lost control of several Western States, that the Republicans had carried the national House and secured the Senate for several years. This speculative movement may be carried too fast and too far, but it is founded upon a fact of great and far-reaching import. For the first time in twenty years the silver menace is cleared away from the financial horizon. We say cleared away, for although mutterings of 16 to 1 may still be heard here and there in party conventions, everybody feels that the blow dealt to that faction in the trans-Missouri region last week is a stunning one. No number, no size of victories for sound money on the Atlantic seaboard could have counted for very much so long as the column of far Western States remained unbroken. The South would never have taken up the silver craze if the West had not led the way. The South had no interest in silver, but it believed that it had found an alliance in the West which would carry the country in 1896. It adopted the platform of 16 to 1 for the sake of the political power which it believed would be secured thereby. Now the alliance is broken. The silver lining no longer adorns the Western sky. The principal motive for making silver the leading issue in politics is therefore removed so far as the South is concerned, and if it ceases to exist there it will exist nowhere. Lonely Colorado will abandon it when she perceives the hopelessness of her cause. Even supposing the next House and the Presidency itself to be carried by a free-silver party, they would break their teeth on a hostile Senate. But this very fact is the surest guarantee that a free-silver canvass could not be successful in 1900. With what face could Bryan, or any supplanting demagogue, promise debtors instant relief through free silver when the patent fact would be before all eyes that such relief could not possibly be obtained?

It turns out that Gov. Tanner suffered something of a rebuke in the Illinois election. The Republican candidate for State Treasurer, a respectable man, was a protégé of Tanner, and he was elected by only about 25,000 plurality in a State which gave McKinley more than 140,000 two years ago. Chicago, which went Republican in 1896 by 56,000, gave 3,000 for the Democratic State ticket on November 8, and the most effective argument in bringing about the change was the lithograph of Gov. Tanner, put out by the Democrats, and plastered over the dead walls and garbage-boxes of the city, bearing the legend, "Vote for me and endorse my administration." Republican candidates for the Legislature, whose nomination Tanner had forced, were also defeated, despite their support by "Tanner Democrats," in enough cases to lose the Republicans the lower branch of that body, in which they got nineteen majority two years ago. The fact that his man was elected State Treasurer, of course enables Tanner to claim that a majority of the people of Illinois have really endorsed his administration. But, on the naked issue, has he them behind him when he nullifies the Constitution of the nation, and denies citizens of other States the right to enter Illinois and accept work which has been offered them?

Ex-Judge Van Wyck declines to comment upon the result of the election, and we should think he would. His feelings must be quite too deep for utterance for some time at least. He was, when the nomination for Governor was thrust upon him without his consent or knowledge, a Justice of the Supreme Court whose term was about to expire, but whose record on the bench had been so creditable that he was virtually certain of renomination and reëlection for a term of fourteen years at a salary of $13,200 a year. This was a position which was in complete accord with his tastes, and which he, doubtless, would have preferred above all others. Croker, without the slightest regard for the Judge's wishes or feelings in the matter, ordered the Democratic convention to nominate him for Governor, and virtually compelled his acceptance of the nomination, for if he had declined it he would have offended the boss and thus cut himself off from all hope of renomination for the bench. So he accepted, resigned his judgeship, underwent the trials and burdens of an arduous campaign, only to be defeated in the end by the stupid conduct of the very boss who had forced him to become a candidate. If anybody in the State has especial reason to curse Croker, surely ex-Judge Van Wyck is the man.

What is the meaning of the extraordinary business which went on on Thursday between our two bosses, with Mr. Depew as the intermediary? First, Croker called upon Mr. Depew at his office in the Grand Central Station, and they held a long conference. Later Mr. Depew called upon Platt, and the two, with Mr. Odell, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, were in close consultation for two hours. Croker's visit naturally excited curiosity, and when Mr. Depew was asked about its object, he replied: "Mr. Croker wanted to find out about a train, and instead of sending somebody he came himself as usual." An ordinary person would have sent to the Intelligence Bureau at the station for a time-table, and would not have treated Mr. Depew as the transportation agent or train-dispatcher of the road, but you see it is different with a great man like Croker. Plausible as this explanation was, it seems to have been received with quite general incredulity. It does not help to explain why Dr. Depew should have felt moved to spend two hours with Platt and Odell, telling them that Croker had called "to find out about a train." And why should Platt and Odell care to know what Croker's travelling plans are?

Can it be that an inkling of the real truth in the matter is to be found in Mr. Depew's further remark: "Mr. Croker and I have been friends for years, and I frequently go to see him"? Why have they been friends, and why does Mr. Depew have occasion frequently to go to see him? Can it be that the errand which took him there was similar to that which took him to see Platt later? Can it be that the election of Col. Roosevelt to the governorship has so disturbed relations between our bosses and corporation contributors that some concerted plan of action must be decided upon for mutual protection? Far be it from us to say that this is the case, but if it were the case, could a better medium for communication between the two bosses be found than the man who, on his own proud admission, is on such friendly terms with both? That Col. Roosevelt's election to the chair of Governor has caused trepidation in more than one quarter, is evident in many ways. One proof of it is the elaborate charge in Platt's personal organ on Friday, that there was a "deal" between Croker and Republican leaders for the defeat of Roosevelt and the election of a Republican Legislature. That would have created an ideal business situation for both bosses. Col. Roosevelt's election, by putting a man of pugnacious honesty into the Governor's chair, has upset this situation. Maybe that is why Croker wants to "find out about a train." If it is, then it must be a "special" with unusual privileges.

Gen. Miles's annual report, covering the military operations of the war, sets forth facts which were pretty well known before, but which had not been brought together in this formal and official way. The net impression they

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make is that the President and Secretary of War steadily overruled and snubbed the General Commanding, and then, when their blundering had got the army at Santiago into a horrid mess, had to appeal to Miles to get them out of it. The recommendations which Gen. Miles made, and which were ignored, looked to the enlistment of a smaller volunteer army than was actually called for, to better equipment and supplies and training, and to the use of the troops in Cuba only after the rainy season. He has now only to print his correspondence with the Department, and leave it for the reader to see what came of overriding his plans. He distinctly asked to be put at the head of the Santiago expedition, but it was given to Shafter. When that doughty warrior called for help and proposed to retreat "about five miles" (these words were edited out of his despatch), Gen. Miles was sent to the rescue and conducted the final operations leading up to surrender, but the Department suppressed and denied these facts. The President and Secretary Alger, in truth, seemed to consider the General Commanding as a mere impertinent understrapper, to whose opinions they were not bound to give the slightest attention. Gen. R. E. Lee used to complain of civilian interference, and to say that if he had only been an editor or a member of the Legislature, he might have had a chance to become a great general; but that having had experience and being in actual command was a fatal handicap. Evidently Gen. Miles knew too much about war to make his advice worth Alger's while even to read.

We fail to see the appropriateness of a glowing eulogy on Mr. McKinley by way of starting a dinner to Gen. Miles, such as Mr. Choate indulged in on Friday night. Almost every item in the "splendid career" attributed to him by Mr. Choate is the subject of more or less acrimonious dispute, and it was, therefore, hardly fair to his enemies to work an itemized eulogy on him into a dinner to Gen. Miles. Praise too high can hardly be bestowed on Gen. Miles. We know by events that, had his advice been taken, nearly every drawback on the war, all or most of its horrors and abuses, would have been avoided. Who was it prevented his advice being taken? Why, William McKinley. Who displaced him from his proper place at the head of the army in the field both as general-in-chief and as our foremost soldier? Why, William McKinley. Who sent to Cuba, where the active operations were to take place, a cursing military "duffer," whose own career had been a failure and whom Miles had finally to rescue from disaster? Why, William McKinley. Who appointed and kept in office, in spite of popular clamor, one of the most corrupt and incompetent Secretaries of War we have ever had, as part of a political bargain? Why, William McKinley. There is nothing a democratic people should handle so carefully as its praise and blame; and flinging praise about on Tom, Dick, and Harry, giving to a man like Mr. McKinley what should be reserved for men like Abraham Lincoln, is barbarous waste of the national patrimony. And we must not be told that this is merely academic criticism. Judgments on public men uttered by people like Mr. Choate do something toward forming the judgments of tens of thousands of young men all over the country, and make the career of charlatans and humbugs easy or difficult.

Of all the material variously designated as "tommyrot" and "poppycock," we think the most nauseous and most injurious to the public health is that about "the American people rising to the height of whatever responsibilities they assume," and about "Duty getting hold of Destiny" and making it do its work. Since the war of 1860 the American people have succeeded to two at least of the most onerous responsibilities which have ever fallen to the lot of any nation. One is the reform of our currency, and the other is the elevation of the Indian and negro races. We have hardly done a thing about either. The currency problem is very much where it was thirty years ago. To the negroes we made the necessary gift of the suffrage, but not another thing. Not the slightest organized effort has been made by the white community, as a whole, to lift this huge negro population out of degradation, though we know well that their ignorance and barbarism threaten our future. The sole thing we do with alacrity for the negro is to burn him alive when he does very wrong. But it will not be so easy to burn the Tagals and other races. We shall not have men enough to lynch decently in 1,200 islands, if that be our national mode of reclaiming the erring.

The rapid "going over" that we see every day of leading public men to opinions the exact opposite of those they held a week or two ago, satisfies us that the number of men in the United States who form convictions by ratiocination, is small. Many people form a notion of their own in the beginning, but they hold it only until they hear how the majority are thinking. If the majority are drifting the other way, they go over along with it, without hesitation. The disappearance of all pride of opinion in America is one of the curious signs of the times. Holding convictions on any subject different from those of the majority has come to have almost as much terror for large numbers as being formally outlawed. Nothing in our political life is funnier than to see a statesman running when he first perceives clearly that if he does not change his opinions quickly, he will be left in a minority. The reasons are that the opinions are merely impressions, for which he could not give any good account, so that if he has cause for fear that some one will ask him for reasons, he wards off possible trouble by promptly throwing the opinions away. He dreads being found in possession of unpopular views, almost as much as being found in possession of stolen goods. He is particularly ashamed of having opposed something that was "sure to pass." Great statesmen who opposed the annexation of the Philippines a week ago, for reasons which we all foolishly thought good, are today throwing them away on the roads and around their back-yards because they have found out that those profound thinkers, the Peace Commission, are going to have the Philippines, no matter what they say. The last fugitive is said to be Mr. Gage. He is off; the reason is, "Where is the use?" "It is sure to pass," as the boss says. We must have the Philippines for commercial reasons, he says. Had we told him so last March, he would have been kind to us, and warned our families about our condition.

Senator Hanna's views on tariff revision, as telegraphed from Cleveland, seem to indicate that the election went to his head. He boldly says that he is now in favor of "putting a duty on tea." Has he so soon forgotten that he helped put a duty on tea no longer ago than last May? He also comes out strongly for taxes which "people do not realize that they are paying." He means, of course, tariff taxes, but he has in another sentence a lucid interval on that subject, in which he says that "under the old tariff law we are not getting very much revenue." Imagine Dingley's face when he reads that! It seems, then, that the people not only do not realize that they are paying protective taxes, but actually do not pay them. The proof of this is that they produce no revenue. We speak under correction, but we hazard the assertion that taxes not paid are not burdensome to those who do not pay them.

It would appear that Senator Hanna is fumbling round to see if some of the direct war taxes cannot be removed. Those taxes, he says, are "on the people," which is a very bad place for them to be, "according to my idea." Still, "in some instances," it is a proper method of taxation, and it will be necessary, says Hanna, to "retain some of the features of the war-revenue measure." All this is as vague as a preëlection oracle. We look for more definite language when the returns are all in. If Senator Hanna means that the beer-tax

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must come off, why does he not say so? It is a perfectly proper and highly productive tax, one which economists have for years pointed to as a source of revenue scandalously neglected by the American Government. Nothing but the throes of war made it possible to lay the tax at all. Senator Hoar publicly asserted in the Senate, when the Dingley bill was pending and when the managers were at their wits' end for revenue, that neither party would dare put a tax on beer. But in the rush and excitement of war the tax went on, greatly to the amazement and indignation of the brewers; other rational taxes, long disused, were clapped on in that irrational time, and, by a kind of miracle, illustrating the floundering good luck of the United States, we got an efficient system of taxation. If Senator Hanna supposes that those taxes can or will be lightly remitted, he is imagining a vain thing. Glory comes high, and we are likely to see new taxes laid as a result of the war rather than old ones taken off.

The Central Passenger Association met at Chicago on Thursday, and, instead of disbanding, voted to change its constitution and eliminate such parts of it as were believed to be contrary to the decision of the Supreme Court. The old agreement of the Association provided for the establishment and maintenance of rates. This clause was entirely cut out, and in its stead was inserted one setting forth that the objects of the organization are to interchange authentic information regarding tariffs and unreasonable rates, and to coöperate with the Interstate Commerce Commission in preventing and investigating illegal cuts. This is the proper course, indeed the only one that can be pursued at present. It is possible that the next Congress, being less under the fear of Populism than any other that we have had in recent years, may be disposed to authorize pooling under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Until then the railroads must conform to the decision of the court, and this they may do safely in the method adopted by the Central Passenger Association.

The people of Rhode Island had an opportunity on Tuesday week to adopt a modern constitution, but, by a large negative vote in the country towns, the old document is retained with all its manifest inconveniences and injustice. Annual elections and semi-annual sessions of the Legislature will continue, and the latter body, generally with a large partisan majority, will remain without the salutary check of an executive veto. The State will continue to have a dozen or so classes of voters, instead of one general class, as proposed in the rejected constitutional draft, and the city of Providence is denied that share in the work of legislation which would be commensurate with its population and its material interests. That city's representation in the House of Representatives, if the new Constitution had been adopted, would have been limited to twenty-five, or one-quarter of the whole membership. This was conceded by the commission which drafted the proposed Constitution to be less than the city's proportionate share, but even that was more than the rural voters were willing to grant. The little towns of Rhode Island, like the little towns of Connecticut, control the Legislature, and their control is likely to continue, as the obstacles to constitutional revision are many and difficult.

The refusal to go in with England and seize Egypt in 1882 has been a subject of bitter regret to the French, whom it has necessarily left, seeing the British success, in a very bad humor with everything English. And yet no one can deny that it was the fault of the French system of government. The British offered them an equal partnership in the enterprise, and the French had many times the larger interest in it, because the French holdings of Egyptian bonds are vastly larger than the English—in fact, there is no comparison between them. It was the French, in fact, who had the financial interest in it; the British interest came through the route to India. But Mr. Gladstone did promise that England would withdraw as soon as she had restored order. That France did not, under these circumstances, take a hand in the venture was doubtless due to the instability which marks every ministry under the Republic, and makes each shrink from heavy responsibility. They all know that any one who undertook any considerable military venture which proved unsuccessful, would not only be sure to fall, but be mobbed in the streets. This has, of course, cast a shadow of hesitation over every French politician who was asked to enter on a foreign venture. So they let the British go to Egypt and waited for them to evacuate according to promise. But as they did not evacuate as the years rolled by, they began to do what the British considered peculiarly French—to nag and annoy. The French papers, especially in Egypt, began to load the British administrators with abuse; the French members of the ministry did their best to foil British plans; money was refused for the war against the Dervishes, and so on. The French Foreign Office, too, kept constantly inquiring when the evacuation was going to take place. Every other dispute about any matter, however trifling, was made as troublesome as possible, in order to affect the Egyptian question. Unfortunately, this game was kept up against a rather weak minister, who did make what the British public considered unfortunate concessions about various minor matters, and this finally worked the English public into a warlike mood against France, and there it now is. Even the Non-conformists are said to be waving flags and singing "Rule Britannia."

It is but justice to the British to say that their refusal to evacuate is probably due to their wonderful success. Their administration has transformed Egypt. It has restored agriculture, spread security and order such as have not been seen in Egypt since the days of the Pharaohs. It has created an Egyptian army which far outdoes that with which Mehemet Ali beat the Turks; it has made the Egyptian debt a paying investment; and as it happens, no country profits by this so much as France, as the French are the principal Egyptian creditors. As the British withdrawal would probably be followed by the old disorder, the British determination to remain is not to be wondered at. Lord Salisbury's aim has, apparently, been to continue the occupation while provoking France as little as possible, and for this reason, in spite of the Jingo mood of the British public, he refused to declare a protectorate last week at the Lord Mayor's banquet. After what has happened, England probably never will evacuate except as the result of a crushing defeat in war—something which will hardly occur in our time. England is, in the matter of staying power, very like the United States—in that only an enemy which can land and ravage the country will ever bring her to her knees.

We do not generally attach great importance to the sayings of Mr. W. T. Stead, but we assume that the London *Daily News* would not publish a letter from him touching an interview with the Czar of Russia without reasonable assurance of its fidelity to truth. Mr. Stead says that such an interview was accorded to him at Livadia, and that he was strongly impressed with the Czar's earnestness in favor of disarmament. He does not repeat the Czar's words, since that would be an impropriety, but he thanks God that Russia has such a man at the head of her Government. The significance of the interview at this time is that it assures the public that Russia is not now stirring up strife in Asia, or giving England any cause for uneasiness. It may be fairly assumed, now that the Fashoda incident is dismissed, that the war clouds lately disturbing the European horizon are passing away, and that the poor people of the Old World may go about their daily task of earning a livelihood with some confidence in the permanence of peace.

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ELECTION LESSONS.

Fuller returns of the elections on Tuesday week show that independence in voting was the most striking feature of the results. In the Worcester district of Massachusetts a Republican Congressman who had nearly 12,000 majority two years ago, loses his reëlection, while the Republicans gain members of Congress in States of the far West where the opposition had been most hopeful of success. A Republican is elected Governor of New York by the votes of men who at the same time voted by the thousands for the Democratic candidates for Congress, while the opposition nominee secures the governorship of Minnesota through the support of men who on the same ticket voted for the Republican candidates for Congress and for minor State officials. Even boss-ridden, protection-demoralized Pennsylvania shows the same tendency towards independent action if only it had been utilized. The opposition to Quayism was, through the machinations of the boss, so ingeniously divided between two candidates that everybody recognized the hopelessness of the fight for honesty and decency in government, and yet more votes were cast for the Democratic nominee and for Dr. Swallow together than for Quay's man. Quay owns both the Governor and the Legislature, and secures his own reelection to the Senate, but not because of a majority of ballots for his ticket.

The smallness of Col. Roosevelt's plurality for Governor of New York —less than 18,000 votes—shows the utter failure of the clap-trap appeals to support him as a means of endorsing the Administration at Washington, for the head of which this State gave more than 268,000 plurality two years ago. If he had really been running on that issue, as he might if United States Senators were elected by popular vote, and if he had been nominated for that office by his party, it is clear that he would have been badly beaten. He succeeded because the voters remembered that they were electing a State and not a Federal official for the head of the ticket, and a small plurality of them considered that Roosevelt would make a better Governor of New York than Van Wyck—much as many of those who thus cast their ballots detested his views on expansion, a large standing army, and other such things with which the executive of this State has nothing to do. Minnesota illustrates, even more clearly and encouragingly, the same conclusion on the part of the host of voters that State issues should decide the election of State officials, and the same capacity of distinguishing between parties on State and national issues when candidates for both sets of offices are on the same ticket. For forty years Minnesota has had Republican Governors without a single break. Last week it elected the candidate of the opposition, John Lind, while the Republican candidates for the House of Representatives received in the aggregate majorities reaching into the tens of thousands.

That the Republicans have secured the House of Representatives by a small but sure majority is due to a surprising series of victories in the far West, which have emptied the seats of more than a score of Democrats, Populists, and silverites, and filled them with Republicans who made their fight on the gold standard. In particular, Nebraska has turned against the silver "combine" and defeated Mr. Hitchcock, the chief bugle-blower of Col. William J. Bryan. It has also dismissed William V. Allen, the windiest silverite in the United States Senate. These successes have been achieved by the Republicans on a straight gold platform without any equivocation or apology, and they are all the more gratifying as happening in Mr. Bryan's State. Col. Bryan, although in the military service, and thus debarred from active campaigning, was present in Omaha on Election Day, showing the interest he took in the campaign of his friend and partner Hitchcock and in the general result. The vote in Nebraska will go far to unhorse Mr. Bryan in the next national Democratic convention eighteen months hence, and enable the Democratic party to find some other issue than the silver question for the next Presidential campaign.

What were the causes of this overthrow of the silver men in their own stronghold this year? According to all the testimony received they were threefold. First and foremost, the farmers are prosperous and forehanded. They have had good crops and good prices. They have seen wheat go up while silver was going down. The predictions of the Populist-Democratic-Silver-Republican combine have been completely falsified. They foretold ruin as a consequence of the gold standard, and prosperity has come instead. Moreover, the Populist State governments have made a very bad exhibition of themselves and have disgusted their own supporters, in much the same way that Gov. Waite of Colorado did a few years earlier. Another reason for the victory is that a preponderant number of the people in that part of the country sustain the war policy of the Administration. Probably a majority of the people of the trans-Missouri States and Territories are in favor of taking the Philippines. The third reason why the Republicans won was that they followed the fine example of Oregon and put themselves squarely on the gold standard. The only place where they paltered and dodged was in the State of Illinois, and there they have fared worse than anywhere else, having lost two members of Congress.

The greatest question in home politics now is whether the Democratic party will have learned sufficient wisdom by this election to abandon the silver issue. A powerful argument in favor of that policy is found in the vote of the State of New York. The Democrats here ignored the silver issue, and thus became once more united. Such leaders as Roswell P. Flower, Edward M. Shepard, John DeWitt Warner, Perry Belmont, and many others who openly supported McKinley two years ago, went back to their party allegiance. So it came to pass that the State which gave Gov. Black a plurality exceeding 260,000 in 1896, now elects his successor by less than one-tenth of that amount. Roosevelt's personal popularity, plus Croker's crime in punishing an honest Judge, were the two factors that saved the State to the Republicans. If Gov. Black had been renominated the Republicans would have lost the State, and probably the Legislature also. If Judge Daly had been renominated by Tammany probably even Col. Roosevelt would have failed of a majority. These facts show that the State of New York, with its thirty-six electoral votes, is not out of the reach of the Democratic party if it drops the silver issue. But if it goes into the next campaign on that issue it will lose the State by a larger majority than that cast against Bryan. We assume that this fact will have considerable influence on Democratic politicians in the South and West during the next two years.

CURRENCY LEGISLATION.

The complexion of the next Congress is now settled in the way that the advocates of currency reform have desired. The Republicans will be in possession of the House, the Senate, and the Executive. They will be able to pass such laws as they like after the 4th of March next. It is worth while to make a brief retrospect in order to see what has already been accomplished and what remains to be done.

The panic of 1893 was due chiefly to the passage of the Sherman act of 1890. This measure, which superseded the Bland-Allison silver law, more than doubled the silver purchases of the Government. It drained the Treasury of its gold twice as fast as the latter act did. It worked towards depreciation of the currency with twice the rapidity of that act. It multiplied the fears and apprehensions entertained by discerning men at home and abroad. It had been for a long period a maxim in the business world that a crash would come some time under the operation of the earlier silver law. It happened, however, that the national banks were retiring their circulation to a considerable extent at the same time that the silver dollars were coming from the mint, so that the latter simply filled a vacuum in the circulation. (This vacuum, we remark in passing, would have been filled with

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gold if there had been no Bland act in operation.) It happened also that the Government had a large surplus revenue all this time. Difficulty was found in disbursing it as fast as it flowed into the Treasury. The public debt was bought in at the rate of $10,000,000 per month during the first Cleveland administration, simply to get rid of the surplus. In one way and another the mischiefs of the Bland act were masked and minimized, so that the public treated all predictions of disaster with derision and considered the authors of them false-alarmists and humbugs. Indeed, this opinion was shared by many men of intelligence and experience in practical affairs.

The Sherman bill, as we have said, merely accelerated the operation that was going on under the Bland bill. A crisis was sure to come under one or the other, since both were forcing fiat money into circulation by regular increments, regardless of the wants of trade. It came in 1893. It disclosed the rottenness underlying our financial system. It produced such misery and terror that a majority of the silver men in Congress (and there were such in both parties) joined in repealing the Sherman act. Then the usual consequences of a panic ensued. Confidence in the Government's ability to maintain gold payments was undermined. Bonds were required to be issued again and again to replenish the gold reserve. The interest-bearing debt of the Government was increased by no less than $262,000,000 for that purpose, and during the whole time private business was in a state of tremor and trouble from which it has not yet wholly recovered. This trouble was due to doubts respecting the standard of value and the Government's intention to maintain gold payments; in other words, to doubts as to the result of future elections.

Now there is a breathing spell. The elections of November 8 have placed in the hands of the Republican party the power to put the currency of the country on a basis where it cannot be disturbed by political changes, and this power ought to be exercised promptly. The question what ought to be done is no longer open to dispute inside the party. The convention of business men at Indianapolis, the Monetary Commission that grew out of it, the subsequent action of the House committee on banking and currency, have together formulated a measure which, while still amendable, contains the substance of a working plan to establish the gold standard, to divorce the Government from the banking business, to relieve the Treasury of the task of redeeming the greenbacks from day to day (although it remains still responsible for them), and to enable the national banks to issue a safe and elastic currency, equal at all times to the wants of trade. The taunt so often flung at the currency reformers, that they cannot frame a bill which any two of them will agree to support, has lost all its force. The banking committee's bill is their answer to all inquirers, whether such inquirers be friendly or otherwise.

It would probably be useless for the House to pass this bill at the coming session, because the Senate would at once reject it, and then the work must needs be done afresh. Yet it is of the greatest importance that it should be passed at an early day, so that its benefits may be generally felt before the next national election. If it is worth passing at all, it should be passed as soon as possible after the new Senators are sworn in; that is, as soon as possible after the 4th of March, 1899. If President McKinley will call an extra session to meet as early as April, and recommend currency reform as one of the measures needed by the country, the bill can be put in shape and passed within two months. Of course, the opposition will cry out that this is a scheme of bank villany, and a device to rob the people, and all that. But such objurgations have lost a great deal of their force of late. They have an old familiar sound, much like the talk about the "crime of 1873," which, after twenty years of hard service, has ceased to terrify the most timid politician in the land. It needs far less courage now to pass the McCleary bill than it did to put the word gold into the St. Louis platform. Yet in nearly all parts of the country in the recent campaign the Republicans planted themselves on the gold standard without any equivocation and without any squints towards international bimetallism; and where they made this issue clear and distinct, they made their most important gains. Now the advantage of an early passage of the bill will consist in proving, by actual experiment and test, before the next national election, that it is a wise and beneficial measure, and also in showing the business men of the country that ante-election pledges are made to be redeemed.

THINGS THAT LORD SALISBURY DOES NOT KNOW.

The expression at the Lord Mayor's dinner of Lord Salisbury's satisfaction, that we are going to annex the Philippines, has given some pleasure to that large body of people among us who have no opinions of their own about any question of foreign policy, but form their views as to what we ought or ought not to do by what some foreign Power wishes or recommends. We have generally a Power which we wish to spite, and another which we wish to oblige, by our home elections, and we vote accordingly, with very slender information about the matter in hand. This is much where we now stand. We are to annex the Philippines, not because we think it would do our own people any good to own them, or because we have ever had any longing for them in the past, but because England would like us to have them, or because Spain would not. According to some people, we voted last week to please Spain or to annoy her, not about the canal frauds. These same people are, of course, much pleased to have prominent Englishmen say they would like to have us annex the Philippines, and have big fleets in the Pacific alongside their own—so pleased that they cannot find time to answer Bishop Potter's troublesome question, "What will the Philippines do with us?" But there are certain reasons why Lord Salisbury's advice is not of the slightest value to us, and the same thing may be said of the advice of the bulk of Englishmen.

In the first place, there are but few Englishmen who have any comprehension of our system of government, still less of what we call our "politics"—that is, of the influences which keep our constitutional machinery in motion. This ignorance was almost amusingly brought out during the Home-Rule debates in Parliament, when Mr. Bryce had the knowledge of the American Constitution almost to himself. One thing in particular they cannot as a general rule understand, and that is, why there should be any limit to our annexing strange countries, as long as our strength permits, because there is no other restriction in their own case. They do not consider that their own Constitution has been steadily growing up for three hundred years as what we may call an "annexing constitution"—that is, a constitution with a distinct place in it for subject races to be ruled by the "Queen in council." From the time of Henry II., when the first conquest was made in Ireland; England has had a ruling and a subject race, and the empire has grown slowly up on that theory. Never has the slightest countenance been given by any political party in England to the doctrine that any but natives of the British Isles should have any share in the government of the Empire, or that any conquered people should be released from the government of England because they did not like it. It has for three hundred years been as natural to an Englishman that there should be in the Empire a vast body of people ruled by naked force, without the smallest disguise, as that there should be peers and commoners, superiors and inferiors. Owing to this fact, the English political manners and opinions have adapted themselves to an Empire of two classes of subjects, one with both the *jus suffragii* and the *jus honoris*, and the other with the right to nothing but security for life and property.

Englishmen are not an imaginative race, and they find difficulty in imagining the new state of things inaugurated by our Constitution on this continent.

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We expressly, by that instrument, forbade the existence of two classes of citizens, agreed to admit to a share in our government everybody who chose to come and live here, and down to this year loaded with abuse everybody who thought the world should be arranged differently. The result has been that our political manners and ideas have grown up under the régime of equality. The ordinary American finds the greatest difficulty in thinking of any white man as an inferior in the European sense. On colored men he does look down, but he has never learned to govern them as the English have, who have always had so many of them to govern. We have had negroes and Indians and foreigners among us during nearly the whole period of our national existence, but we have never made even an attempt to apply to them the art of ruling subject races as the English practise it. Whenever a person whom we do not acknowledge to be our equal commits a serious offence, far from bringing organized authority to bear on him as the English did, for instance, on the Dacoits in India, we let loose mobs on him, and lynch him. Any one who has observed, as most travellers have, the treatment of hotel-waiters in Europe by plain Americans, will understand what we mean by the assimilation of our manners to political theories.

The American cannot think of any man as an inferior. Partly as a consequence of this, there is no modern man less skilled in the exercise of authority. He rarely gives an order even to a hireling. His formula is, "Won't you do so and so?" or, "If I were you, I would do so and so." In the West there is a constant grudge against the officers in the army for giving orders, and a slight contempt of the soldiers for obeying so readily. The English, by generations of practice, have learned to be just while despising—a very difficult art. It will take us another hundred years to learn it, and we fear we cannot learn it without the sacrifice of our old Constitution, the product of so many hopes and prayers and tears. All this is probably very new to Lord Salisbury.

There is something else, probably not quite so new, and that is the extreme volatility of our public, the rapidity with which it makes up its mind and changes its opinions. It hated England last year and loves her this year. It wanted to kill Admiral Cervera last May and kissed and hugged him last August. Twenty years ago it admired and pitied the negro, to-day it does not care what becomes of him, and so on; we might multiply these illustrations indefinitely. This Lord Salisbury probably knows well, but the trouble is, he does not care. No man in England has greater contempt for our politics, but he has great respect for our fleet, and would like the use of it now and then on a pinch; what would become of our politics is our affair. That our experiment should fail, is probably to him the most natural thing in the world. Why should any foreigner keep up his faith in it when so many of our own people have lost theirs? Who would have thought so many rulers of subject races, charged with the responsibility of "elevating" mankind, would arise in three months in America, of all countries in the world? Who would have thought that our treatment of these races during the last hundred years really argued a deep conscientious concern about them?

"ORIGINAL WORK."

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Freeman's "Historical Method," has some sharp but just things to say about the ravages of what is called "original work" in history. What is meant is terrific labor in accumulating a mass of minute details never before brought to light, but which prove to be either untrustworthy or without significance when the grave-clothes are torn off them. It is this system of "minute realism" in history which gives us so many monographs and studies dull as ditch-water, and leads so many investigators to wreak themselves in mighty volumes upon a "period." Under the triumphant name of "new material" and "unpublished manuscripts," the learned world is deluged with material which, whether new or old, is a weariness to the flesh, and with manuscripts which Heaven seemed specially to have designed never to be published. As Mr. Harrison says, it is this sort of research which is killing the art of historical narration, and rendering history, instead of a synthetic whole, instead of a life-like picture, a mass of dreary facsimiles of Queen's washing-lists and inventories of the number of swine kept on a baronial manor in the twelfth century. It is fun for the investigator, but it is death to the reader. The world, observes Mr. Harrison, is "not as fond of 'periods' as a school-teacher and a college tutor."

Mr. Harrison thinks that this blight of minute knowledge which has fallen upon historical composition is due to the system of examinations. Their very life-blood is in subtle points and out-of-the-way scraps of knowledge which form the basis of "marks." But the same tendencies are observable in this country, where examinations have not been developed with such rigor, nor made the sure means of a livelihood, as in England. Many of our historical monographs are as murderously petty and prolonged as anything Oxford can show. And the same methods are carried into other departments. Since literature, for example, came to be "scientifically" studied in our colleges, the fearful and wonderful results offered us in the name of "original work" have been enough to make a census report fascinating reading by comparison. Our original literary workers dive into a great poem or a masterpiece of prose and come up in triumph laden with statistics. They have counted the number of false rhymes in the 'Faery Queen,' they can tell you exactly how many times the word "nature" occurs in Burke. Who shall, after that, forbid them the degree of Litt. Doc.? Really "original" literary work seems now, in fact, to be largely an affair of counting. It is arithmetic applied to literature. Criticism is the art of turning out statistics. Thus we read of a devoted woman, painfully toiling after the higher education and the degree of M.A., who wrestled night after night with a thesis on Browning. But what was it all about? Why, the dear lady was counting and classifying the colors, and the animals, and the precious stones, and the flowers, and the figures of speech to be found in Browning's complete works! Of course, she was doing it on the advice of her professor. True monsters of learning, each of them!

It seems probable that all this is partly, at least, the result of the rush of so many to the schools. Out of them all, but here and there one has a mind of true insight, of native taste, of grasp on principles; and what easier disposition to make of the rest than to set them counting? Almost anybody can count so many hours a day. Give a student pigeon-holes enough, and he can in time analyze and classify all literature—and not know the first thing about it when he is done. Certain it is that the scientific organization of the departments of literature in many of our colleges and universities has led thousands to drench and drown their minds in these floods of trifling details, in which every spark of real literary taste is surely extinguished. The system distinctly tends to give us, in the professors' chairs, pottering statisticians instead of inspiring lecturers, and, on the students' benches, a generation that loses itself in verbal forms and weak endings, and remains dull and blank to literature itself.

Perhaps the phenomenon should be treated as one of the inevitable vices of specialization. The time of the wide-ranging intellect seems gone by, in science and economics as well as history and literature. In their room we get ten thousand men each cultivating his little garden-plot, all the while making it smaller and smaller, and bending over it with eyes ever more bleared and short-sighted. David A. Wells was almost an extinct type of economist, even before he died. Few survive with his vast power of coördination and assimilation. Instead of his wide outlook upon diverse phenomena, the typical worker in economics to-day is the man who will prove, after several years of exhausting labor, that Thorold Rogers was all wrong about the price of wheat in Bristol in the year

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1521. In science, too, the men of eagle eye, like Darwin and Dana, are gone, and we know now only the intense specialists who are content to wear out their lives in "settling *hoti's* business." Darwin's son, endowed with a generous portion of his father's spirit as he is, confesses in his latest book the deadly effect of specialization and of the multiplied apparatus of modern laboratories upon native scientific genius.

All this is not saying that minute research is not necessary and may not, in the hands of masters, lead to most important results. As Mr. Harrison says of Freeman, "new material" and "unpublished manuscripts" were a powerful weapon when it was he that grasped it; but "it is a very dangerous tool in the hands of the lads and lassies who swagger about with it in public." It is little better than a modern superstition to suppose that history can be written by laboriously copying out and stringing together bits of paper dug up in Simancas; or that a man is fitted to discourse on sociology and propose plans for remodelling society simply by having averaged the annual outlay for beer of 237 selected families on Avenue A; or that a critic is qualified to lecture on Shakspere by having thumbed his works solely to discover exactly how many times the scenes end with a rhymed couplet and how many times with blank verse. Before we boast of "original work," we should decide whether it was worth doing, originally or subsequently, and whether it leads to something for the worker besides helplessly floundering in a morass of his own creating.

THE RELATIONS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

BOSTON, November 11, 1898.

The Fashoda affair, thank Heaven, has ended without a war that would have been a shame and a scandal. Unfortunately it is not an isolated and accidental fact. It is one of the numerous incidents of the great Franco-English rivalry, and a symptom, as disquieting as it is instructive, of the reciprocal mental attitude of the two countries. The lamentable fact that it is only half ended, leaving on both sides feelings of bitterness and distrust, ought to trouble those who desire a sincere and cordial understanding between the two countries. Consequent French opinion respecting England is easily to be divined; but I would, on this occasion, analyze the preceding state of French opinion touching England first and then the relations proper to maintain with her. This will be to determine in a way, once for all, the respective strength in France of the elements called Anglophobe and Anglophile.

During the present century France and England have for the first time lived not only peaceably, but on a footing of friendship amounting at times to a veritable alliance. Under Louis Philippe, and subsequently under Napoleon III., the two countries put in practice the so-called *entente cordiale*. Under the July monarchy this understanding got on not without difficulty and opposition, and Guizot was vehemently accused of having humiliated France in the Pritchard affair, and of having preserved peace at the expense of honor. Napoleon III. went still further, and not only made commercial treaties with England, but entered into a genuine alliance, and our troops fought beside those of England under the walls of Sebastopol against the Russian army.

In spite of these two precedents, there has always been in France a numerous party which refused to believe in the possibility of an alliance with England, and which preserved the inherited distrust of "perfidious Albion." In vain did Bonaparte's nephew forget Waterloo and St. Helena: those who were cradled in recitals of the Napoleonic legend could never pardon England for having beaten and then humiliated the hero of Austerlitz. Moreover, the whole history of France is but a perpetual struggle against England. Some of the most dramatic and popular episodes of this history exhibit the English as the implacable enemies of France. Against them was waged the terrible Hundred Years' War. They burned Joan of Arc, the national heroine preëminently. If France with William of Normandy conquered England, it can be asserted that England well repaid her; down to 1453, a large part of France—all the southwest—was English territory, while Calais remained English till 1558. And again, the whole eighteenth century was filled with colonial wars with England. She took from us India and then Canada, those two inconsolable losses with which every child at school is taught to reproach the contemptible Louis XV. Every recital of the chroniclers, every souvenir of oral tradition, of which a people's history is composed, the entire French literature, and finally even the atmosphere of public education, have slowly created in the French spirit one of those secret and latent prejudices of which many are unaware, but which gain in strength by being instinctive and involuntary, unaffected by intelligence or reflection, and which the majority have imbibed with their mother's milk.

With the war of 1870 and the succession of the Republic, the situation changed. On the one hand, the wrath and hatred of a brutally dismembered country turned altogether against the vanquisher. That hatred of foreigners which enters into the patriotism of every country, found ample satisfaction in the direction of this new enemy. On the other hand, if France, in the hour of her distress, got little satisfaction from England, the Republic could but sympathize with a liberal and democratic government having, besides, no interest on the Continent opposed to ours. Thus, France and England resumed after 1870 the policy of amicable understanding which existed under Louis Philippe and Napoleon III.

At this moment there was in France, as there has been since the beginning of the century, a very strong Anglophile party. Not alone ministers like M. Waddington, M. Barthélémy St.-Hilaire, and Gambetta desired and sought the friendship of England, but the French liberal party possessed pronounced English sympathies. It considered the similarity of political ideals—viz., the triumph of liberty and democracy—a sufficient reason for coming together. The great political and literary writers had made England fashionable and its liberal institutions admired. Guizot's works on English history were beginning to be forgotten; but Taine's great 'History of English Literature' was in full vogue, and contributed to that infatuation for England of which the Anglophobes have accused many Frenchmen. At the same time, Herbert Spencer's writings, which speedily became popular, quickened the intellectual relations between France and England. The younger writers grew more and more curious about English affairs. Paul Bourget tarried at Oxford. Contemporary English poetry, painting, pedagogy were popularized by university professors or by literary men. An eminent historian, director of the Paris École des Sciences Politiques, M. Boutmy, owes the better part of his notoriety to a remarkable work on the political evolution of England in the eighteenth century. All this Anglophile literature, embracing the labors of critics like Augustin Filon, Max Leclerc, and especially André Chevrillon, the nephew of Taine, who wrote a notable biography of Sydney Smith, culminated in Demolins's 'Anglo-Saxon Superiority,' which has provoked much reflection and criticism and not a little protest. Everywhere, assisted by fashion and the taste for sport which introduced a wholly new vocabulary, the ravages of Anglomania carried to excess were complained of.

Now it was while the cordial understanding was being renewed in the domain of literature, philosophy, art, and athletics that in the political domain it appeared to be gradually dissolving. This process began with the Republic's first attempts at a colonial policy, and proceeded apace with each new expedition to Africa or Asia. Wherever the two countries came in contact, there was friction, reciprocal encroachment, complaints and negotiations, which, though amicably closed, still left something behind them. The starting-point in this rivalry was Egypt. However we may judge the parts played in this affair by France and England respectively, there is no mistaking the profound dissatisfaction caused in France by the English attitude. No doubt it is undeniable that in 1882 France, through the medium of M. de Freycinet, refused to intervene in Egypt in concert with England, and thereby appeared to be indifferent to the fate of that country. But, on the other hand, it is certain that she would not consent to be supplanted there by England, or that England should establish herself there after promising to get out. If Egypt was predestined to live under a European protectorate, it was assuredly under the French protectorate. On March 5, 1883, Gladstone said: "Other nations have interests and rights as well-defined and incontestable as our own in Egypt." France could lay claim to rights *better* defined and *more* incontestable than England's. Not only is Egypt an historic land, full of French souvenirs, where Damietta recalls Saint Louis, the Pyramids Bonaparte, and Heliopolis Kléber, but Egypt, thanks to the genius of De Lesseps, the creator of the Suez Canal, was bound to France by indestructible ties. Moreover, Mehemet Ali, the great reformer of Egypt, who died in 1849, renovated his country with the help of French engineers, savants, physicians, and contractors. A tourist wrote in 1862 that Cairo was a "real French city." On the other hand, the celebrated German Egyptologist Ebers said: "If European civilization has prevailed among the upper ranks of society on the banks of the Nile more vitally than in any country of the Orient, the French have the credit of it."

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It suffices to say that when France saw the English, contrary to their engagements, establish themselves in the country which they, too, unquestionably, had set up, but which they had agreed to evacuate, she experienced a very legitimate vexation explainable by her previous and in some sort historic right to the hegemony. Consequently, after these events the French Anglophobes regained all their lost ground. They had a fine opportunity to harp on the "perfidy" and selfishness of England. Then came our difficulties in Madagascar, where, right or wrong, people saw the hand, if not of England, at least of her subjects interested in fettering French influence. In Siam, at the mouth of the Niger, around Lake Tchad, the two countries jostled against each other, yet arrived at a satisfactory solution. In 1896 the English evacuated Muong-Sing on the Mekong, as France in 1898 abandoned Boussa in the Niger valley. And that took place if not without a hitch, at least without an ultimatum. Why did not the same thing happen in the case of Fashoda? Because this time England, instead of negotiating, preferred to threaten, and, egged on by the Jingoes, rather than offer compensation, brutally announced an ultimatum. Not satisfied with a material triumph, she wanted to inflict on France a moral defeat; and this her best French admirers will not condone in her.

Instantly our lunatic Anglophobes, like Deputy de Mahy; our fanatical Anglophobes, like the directors of our yellow journals or of our clerical journals, such as the *Patrie* and the *Libre Parole*, began to triumph. There was in Parliament and in the press quite a group of men desirous of cultivating seriously the English alliance. The former Governor-General of French Indo-China, M. de Lanessan, Deputy from Lyons, ardently showed in the *Rappel* that the interest of France lay with the country that purchased most of its products—to wit, England, France's best market. M. Francis Charmes wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes:* "We have constantly sought the friendship of England, for we know the value of it; but the friendship of France has also its value and deserves to be treated with some consideration." M. Yves Guyot, again, pointed out the absurdity of a war which M. de Pressensé, writing both in the *Temps* and in the London *Daily Chronicle*, characterized as "a crime against civilization." The English Government, instead of recognizing the prudent temper of the sane portion of the French people, as well as the Government's disposition—instead of sparing the natural susceptibility of France which Marchand's heroism exalted—refused to make concessions which, leaving untouched the fundamental issue, would have modified only the form. It insisted on English Jingoism having its triumph at the same time that French chauvinism had its humiliation. This was a very grave error, because, instead of diminishing the causes of hostility between the nations, it adds fresh causes, and because it renders more difficult hereafter the necessary understanding between the two liberal countries of Western Europe.

The moral of it all is that the worst enemy of true patriotism is that intemperate and aggressive patriotism which the English call Jingoism and we chauvinism. It is out of compliance with Jingoes and chauvinists that the countries invite catastrophes and the fatherlands are put in peril. Perhaps it is time for every country to defend itself against its "patriots."

OTHON GUERLAC,
Editor of the Paris *Siècle*.

THE RENAISSANCE IN INDIA.

YALE COLLEGE, November 5, 1898.

The theory of a renaissance in Hindu literature has long been familiar to Sanskrit scholars. Briefly stated, this theory is as follows: Vedic works in their three successive stages of development—hymns to the gods, ritual and philosophic prose, and, third, prose manuals of instruction—came to an end by the beginning of the first century before our era. On the other hand, the modern "artistic" literature, the lyric, the drama, and the very artificial poetry written under the influence of certain pronounced stylists, is extant only after the third century A. D. In the interim there are four "blank centuries," from *circa* 100 B. C. to 300 A. D., during which there was a literary interregnum. The lacuna in literary activity is due to the horde of Scythian invaders, who suppressed the growth of all native literature during this very perturbed period. Stated in this crude form, the theory, however, is open to many criticisms. In the first place, it presupposes a later origin than can possibly be assumed for a large mass of native literature, the metrical lawbook of Manu and the two great epic poems. Prof. Max Müller, to whom we are indebted for the suggestive hypothesis, disposed of these works by imagining that the law-book was later than the fourth century A. D., and that the two epics were not much earlier, being only "enormous masses of floating epic poetry," till, at the period of the renaissance, the diaskeuast took hold of this inchoate literature and made poems of it.

No theory ever received more acclamation or more quickly crumbled away. First it was proved that the great epic of the 'Mahâbhârata' was practically completed before the "renaissance" began, and that the lawbook of Manu is at least as old as the epic. As for the other epic, the 'Râmâyana,' it was shown that it was in great part older than the 'Mahâbhârata.' Finally, Prof. Bühler, whose death early in this year has proved an irreparable loss to Sanskrit philology, showed conclusively that the period from the first century B. C. to the fourth century A. D. was imbued with the same spirit of artificial poetizing as that exhibited in later literature. Prof. Bühler was most outspoken in his refusal to accept any of Prof. Müller's conclusions in this regard. He took up the subject in detail, proving, first, that the invading Scythians made no attempt to check the progress of native literature; second, that, as barbarians, they rather bent before the intellectual superiority of their conquered hosts; and that, finally, their real conquest embraced only a small part of literary India. Not less decidedly, however, did he reject the conclusions based on the supposititious influence of these barbarians. The writers of the "blank" centuries reveal their acquaintance with rhetorical canons; they also wrote, as did the authors whose whole works have survived, "artificial" poetry. At the same time the simpler style of the epic was changing to one more rhetorical. All the further arguments of Prof. Müller were treated as decisively. Even the suggestion that there was any renewed literary activity in the sixth century, which Müller had assumed on the basis of a doubtful chronological reckoning, was discarded. The conclusion reached by Prof. Bühler was that Prof. Müller's theory of a renaissance was wrong in every particular.

To this conclusion there are few Sanskrit scholars who will take exception. It has become more evident, with the researches of every year, that the period called by Prof. Müller an interregnum and a literary blank was filled with the production and completion of great epic poems; that at this very period the continuous metrical verse was employed in works still extant; and that during this period the later "artificial" poetry began to be affected. Why these earlier attempts did not survive as complete works is evident enough. As the 'Iliad' and the great tragedians were to their predecessors, so were the great poets of the later "artificial" age in India to their earlier rivals, whose verses, *disiecta membra*, linger only in inscriptions.

All this has been so long and so generally recognized that a restatement of the original theory of an Indian renaissance would scarcely be attempted by another scholar. But to the first expounder some license may be permitted, and it was with considerable interest that Sanskritists took in hand Prof. Müller's Apologia, which he has neatly inserted in his recently published panegyric of Prof. Bühler. It is safe to say that, out of respect for the former, no third scholar would have introduced the subject when speaking in public on the theme of the latter's work. Prof. Bühler was so convincingly right that it would have seemed a pity to insist on Prof. Müller's errors. It was a brave hypothesis at the time it was invented; it has since been completely overthrown. Let us laud the dead man, but pass by his opponent's natural mistakes.

Prof. Müller, however, had no wish to be passed in silence, even by himself. He utilized the opportunity to restate his theory without overt modification, and to make the stupendous claim that Prof. Bühler, who had so emphatically rejected each particular argument, was, after all, substantially of the same opinion as himself. "It seemed to me," he says further, "that our two theories could stand so well side by side that it was my hope that I should be able to bring out with his coöperation a new and much improved edition of my chapter on the Renaissance of Sanskrit literature." And this in the face of the fact that Prof. Bühler had overthrown each argument advanced in the original theory!

The secret, however, of this extraordinary hope on Müller's part is revealed when one examines more carefully the preceding restatement of the famous theory. Apparently there is no change; there is certainly no acknowledgment of change. But insidious alterations at the master's own hand have in reality brought the theory nearer to the true historical view. Stress is now laid on the "absence or non-preservation of all *greater* literary composition"; the "blank" is now "an almost complete literary blank"; the literature absent is more particularly "artificial poetry." It is admitted, or rather stated, no admission being recognized, that "the ornate style was by no means unknown [in the "blank" centuries]," and that "the as yet undeveloped germs of that poetry may even go back much further; but their full development at the time of these Sanskrit inscriptions was clearly established by

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Bühler's valuable remarks. So far we were agreed."

This way of putting it may not be unique in the history of controversy, but it is at least curious enough to merit public recognition. A starts a theory, B knocks it to pieces. A waits till B is dead, and then says: What a brilliant scholar he was. There were some points of detail on which I could have wished that he was more orthodox, but in the main he was in agreement with me. I only wish that he could have lived to bring out a new edition of my theory!

To the general literary reader, who is indifferent to the means of arriving at the truth, the chief fact of interest lies in the practical surrender of the position. There was no Indian renaissance. Even Prof. Müller has to confine himself to insistence on the absence of Kāvya, complete literary works of "artificial" style, while he avoids the crucial question of metrical poems, like the epics, which antedate the "artificial" poetry. As a matter of fact, Vedic literature glided as naturally as possible, and without any obvious break, from the prose manuals with which the Vedic age closes to the metrical manuals, and to the epic verse already foreshadowed in the Brahmanic age. Before the epics were completed, the "artificial," or, as we should say, more rhetorical style began to obtain, and its intricate metre soon got the upper hand of the simple verse in which the first epic ventures were made. Rhetorical rules, as well as greater metrical elaboration, followed. The style became more and more involved as the metre became more and more complex. The acme of this artificial poetry is what Prof. Müller calls the renaissance, which begins when the most gifted poets of the new style were about to appear on the stage. WASHBURN HOPKINS.

Correspondence.

THE RACE RIOTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When will the national conscience be sufficiently aroused to put an end to lynchings and race riots? These lawless outbreaks of anarchy are becoming so frequent in a large part of the Union as to endanger the stability of republican institutions. The lynchers are invariably white mobs, composed of the "best citizens," who commit, with impunity, acts of violence. These self-appointed committees of public safety burst open the doors of jails, overpower sheriffs and guards, seize negroes held for crime, and, having deprived them of their inalienable right to a fair, impartial trial, shoot, slaughter, and hang them without delay.

It is evident that, in many portions of our country, individual liberty does not exist. Of the numerous illustrations that might be given to prove the truth of this statement, none is more striking than the recent riots and bloodshed in Wilmington, N. C. A few days ago there was a bloody riot in its streets, and the office of a colored newspaper was wrecked and set on fire. According to the Associated Press dispatches, the offence of the proprietors of that paper was their refusal to comply with the demands of a committee of business men who notified them to suspend publication by a certain fixed time. The result was a riot and reign of terror, until cooler counsels prevailed and the semblance of order was restored. The following night a big lynching party was proposed to kill six negroes in jail, but, a new Mayor having been appointed who possessed some backbone, this scheme was nipped in the bud, and a fresh crime against freedom and the rights of humanity prevented by deporting the negro prisoners and some other characters, white and black, said to be dangerous.

Are the people of the United States prepared to tolerate for ever the pernicious actions of law-breakers, composed of the "best elements of society," who slaughter, without fear of punishment, their fellow-creatures, suppress the right of free speech and press, set fire to the homes of obnoxious colored officials, endanger the lives of innocent families, and trample under foot the laws and Constitution of their country?

We Americans have no right to call ourselves enlightened and civilized so long as we permit such outrages to occur. Even Mexico can deal effectively with lynchers, no matter from what rank of society they spring. The energetic Government of that country meted swift justice upon some miscreants who attempted to lynch the would-be assassins of President Porfirio Diaz, and, if the writer's memory is not at fault, executed some of them. What a magnificent illustration her rulers gave that they were determined, at all costs, to secure to criminals guilty of high treason the sacred guarantees of justice. F. M. NOA.

GENEVA, N. Y., November 12, 1898.

"THE SENTIMENT OF EXPANSION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. T. M. Carver, in the *Nation* of October 24, ascribes, I think, too much exercise of reason to the people of this country in support of the sentiment of expansion. I believe that 90 per cent. of those who favor expansion have never reasoned about the matter at all, but have merely adopted the *sentiment* put into their minds and mouths by the political leaders. The small percentage of expansion advocates who have "reasoned" on the subject, have done so only to find "reasons" by which to support the *sentiment*, already adopted as a convenient weapon to use in party politics.

The so-called political convictions of the masses of the people in this country consist simply and wholly of sentiment, engendered by the "watch cries" raised by the leaders. The political leaders are constantly on the lookout for some new and taking "watch cry" by which the sentiment of the unreasoning can be most easily fanned into flame, and so gain "popularity" for the measure advocated. The object of which is—the good of the country? No—the good of the leaders and those who support them most zealously. If time enough is given, however, before mischief is done, the sentiment may wear out, and a new one take its place, when reason may have a chance to dispose of the question.

This may appear to be a too narrow view of present-day American politics; but a somewhat attentive study of the subject, by one who has never entertained any political aspirations himself, leaves that as an apparently well-grounded impression. The remedy? Civil-service reform, that will deprive the political "hustler" of his motive for "hustling." T. G. DABNEY.

MISSISSIPPI, November 7, 1898.

AN EXAMPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is proper that in your columns there should be reference to the death of one whose life has been a practical illustration of devotion to the public welfare and civil morality, along the lines of those principles which find so strong an advocate in the *Nation*.

Julius Dexter, a graduate of Harvard in 1860, whose university education was well supplemented by travel and the study and observation of a keen, active mind; President of the Trustees of the Sinking Fund, and a trustee and director in many institutions devoted to the public welfare; recently a candidate for Governor of this State on the Gold Democratic ticket, died in this city on October 21 last. He was admitted to the bar in the sixties, but, having inherited an adequate fortune, for the last thirty years or more of his life devoted himself to the service of the public and of others, entirely without compensation, and often at posts requiring great sacrifices of time and strength, tact in the management of others, and patience through adverse criticism. For nineteen years he served as one of the Sinking Fund Trustees who are charged with the care of the city credit and its debt, and with the duty of repressing tendency to extravagance, and acting as a sort of balance-wheel in the machinery of municipal government.

Of the numerous tributes to his memory (and these tributes came from many of our boards, the Chamber of Commerce, and newspapers of different parties), none has impressed me more than this from the sermon of a minister of a church with which Mr. Dexter had no connection:

"Generally, then, he was with the political minority, for conscience' sake, and led many a forlorn hope. But, because of his upright spirit, his impenetrability to all appeals to low political motives, his readiness to serve causes which had little attraction to the masses of voters, but were of genuine and much-needed importance, it happened, as will generally be the case, that those who seldom acted with him upon public questions felt that he was one to be profoundly respected in his judgments, and thus he came to be a beacon of independence, courage, and disinterested patriotism."

One municipal board referred to him as "a noble man who sacrificed private interest to the public welfare, a cultivated and courtly gentleman, true and devoted to his friends and generous to his foes." Another, after reciting his faithfulness in the discharge of often unwelcome duties and referring to the implicit confidence of the city in him, and the important interests confided to him, asks, "Whence comes such another?"

The expressions of affection for the man, and sorrow for the loss caused by his death, coming as some of them do from unexpected sources, speak encouragement to other men of talent and courage to do likewise, and cannot be without potent result. T. M. H.

CINCINNATI, November 7, 1898.

Notes.

A memorial of the late John M. Forbes of Boston has been undertaken by his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Forbes Hughes, who desires the loan of any of his letters which may assist her in editing his voluminous Reminis-

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cences. Mrs. Hughes's address is Milton, Mass.

'Cannon and Camera,' by J. C. Hemment, is the author-photographer's account of camp life and Cuban campaigning in the late war, to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

Gen. Enrico della Rocca's 'Autobiography of a Veteran,' translated by Mrs. Janet Ross, will appear in a few weeks from the press of Macmillan Co.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they will publish immediately in this country Mr. G. W. Steevens's 'With Kitchener to Khartum.'

Hadley & Matthews, New York, have purchased the American rights of 'Emin Pasha: His Life and Work.' They will also publish the Century edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads' of Wordsworth and Coleridge edited by Thomas Hutchinson.

'Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War,' Chicago humor, is in the press of Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The forthcoming 'Twentieth Century New Testament' is an entirely new version of the Greek of Westcott & Hort's text by a company of scholars of various denominations, who remain anonymous. Mr. W. T. Stead has undertaken to publish "the first tentative edition" at his own risk. The Gospels and Acts of the Apostles are nearly ready to see the light.

Mr. William Blaikie's new edition of his 'How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So' (Harpers) is in a way a challenge to our end of the century. After twenty years, he promulgates afresh his gospel of the sound body with literally a single word of reference to the bicycle, and with only a page of extracts in praise of golf. This conservatism is naturally most marked in the chapter on exercise for women, whose lives have been revolutionized by the two recreations just named. Still, whether for want of means or of opportunity, to many persons a prescription of golf or of the wheel is a counsel of perfection, and Mr. Blaikie is justifiably loyal to the exercise of walking (laying great stress on carriage) and to home gymnastics specifically applied. In these respects his book remains stimulating and offers a real guidance, his earnestness finding vent in colloquial italics and in such rhetorical overwork of the semicolon as is seldom witnessed. The lively volume has been doubled in size by an addendum on "Great Men's Bodies," a series of emphatic biographies accompanied by numerous portraits. Mr. Blaikie even begins his first chapter with the introduction of Nathan Hale in the unwonted light of an athlete of his day, and shows him in Macmonnies's statue in the frontispiece.

John Harrison Mills, No. 18 East Twenty-third Street, has conceived "a monthly report of exhibitions and sales, and compend of art events," styled the *Art Kalendarium*. While the first number, for November, seems to be feeling its way, the magazine is likely to prove a convenience. It is not confined to this city. There is a department of art news apart from the account of schools, clubs, exhibitions, prizes, etc.

The portrait of Admiral Dewey thirty years ago will attract attention in the *New England Magazine* for November, where may also be found an illustrated historical paper on Montpelier, his birthplace. But Mr. Henry F. Bond's "Old Summer Street, Boston," carries off the palm in personal interest and in the reproductions of early views of the transformed street, and portraits of its distinguished residents, preachers, and so forth.

We have already called attention to the wholesome publicity given by the present municipal administration of Boston, in its *City Record*, to the working of the machinery in which every citizen should take a deep and constant interest. We have now before us the first two Special Publications of Boston's unique "Department of Municipal Statistics," showing (1) the estimates, appropriations, and actual expenditures of ordinary revenue in 1892-1896; and (2) the ordinary revenue itself for the same period. We can only remark that the summary table in No. 1 exhibits at a glance a surplus for the Architect Department of $283.84, for the Soldiers' Relief of $96,646.31, for the Fire Department of $10,774.74, etc.; with deficits for the Sewer Division of the Street Department of $105,606.40, for the celebration of the country's 400th anniversary $17,393.21, etc. Accompanying these documents is an interesting first annual report (for nine months) of the new department. One result of its inquiries is to discover marked discrepancies in the statistics as issued for the same subject by different departments; another, that "no information exists as to areas in the city of Boston sufficiently accurate to be worth publishing." Hence, a new map is in preparation. All students of municipal housekeeping and all municipal reformers should consult these publications.

From No. 1315 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, we have the directors' first annual report of the Free Library of Economics and Political Science, founded in June, 1897, which contemplates loans of its volumes and active educational work. As yet, the collection has grown solely from gifts, but the public use of it has been noteworthy. The Library serves as an agency in ordering books, in conformity with Mr. Melvil Dewey's aspiration. It also provides lectures.

The Women's Institute, No. 15 Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, London, sends us a plump 'Dictionary of Employments Open to Women,' with details of wages, hours of work, and other information of a kind to help women suddenly thrown on their own resources and eager to seek support. The editors (Mrs. Philipps, Miss Marian Edwardes, Miss Janet Tuckey, and Miss E. Dixon) go beyond the record of existing employments and make valuable suggestions for experiment. The Dictionary sells at one shilling and sixpence.

The *Revue Pédagogique* sets our educational journals an example which the changes in our national policy will make it more and more incumbent upon them to follow. This excellent periodical, addressing itself more especially to the teachers in the common schools of France, publishes in its October issue an article on the industrial and commercial progress of Germany in the last twenty-five years, with the evident purpose of informing the youth of France, through their teachers, on a very important subject and to stimulate them to emulation. By means of brief statistics, derived from the works of M. Georges Blondel ('L'Essor Industriel et Commercial du Peuple Allemand,' Paris: Larose) and Mr. Edwin Williams ('Made in Germany,' London: Heinemann), the author shows the marvellous growth of German trade and industry since the foundation of the Empire, and then explains by what systematic and patient methods of training and intelligent modes of procedure in commercial enterprises, especially in distant lands, such results have become possible. It appears that, while the aggregate trade of the world has increased 24 per cent. since 1873, the increase of the foreign trade of Germany during the same period amounts to 60 per cent. The tonnage of international navigation in German ports has grown 128 per cent., the production of iron has doubled, and that of coal risen from twenty to one hundred million tons in twenty-five years. Aside from statistics and official reports, Americans recently travelling in Germany have frequently had occasion to observe the spirit of contentment prevailing in German business circles, and at times manifesting itself even in boastful comparisons with conditions in this country.

No. 25 of *Ueber Land und Meer*, easily the leading illustrated periodical of Germany, is an issue of permanent value, as it is a memorial number of the fiftieth anniversary of its publishers, the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt of Stuttgart. It contains 120 portraits of living German writers, male and female, in the departments of fiction, belles-lettres, and popular literature in general. Such a galaxy of literary faces is rarely found in one and the same collection, and enables the reader to form a fair estimate of the appearance of the average German littérateur. The issue in question is also of special interest in that it describes the gradual growth, from small beginnings, of an establishment having now 923 employees and a payroll of more than a million marks per annum. The Anstalt was originally established by Eduard Hallberger in 1848, and has maintained the high character, as the literary centre of South Germany, so firmly established in the early decades of the present century by the house of Cotta.

The firm of Gustav Fock, Leipzig, has purchased the philological library of the late Prof. Dr. Ribbeck, and is desirous of disposing of it *en bloc* to some institution or library. It is strong in periodical series, and numbers some 7,000 volumes. At present no catalogue will be made.

In Russia a law is in force according to which a university professor who has served twenty-five years can continue in office only if again appointed by the State authorities. The Government, which, during the past few years, has relentlessly pursued the policy of completely Russianizing the famous old German university at Dorpat, even changing the name of the place, has availed itself of this law gradually to get rid of all of the German members of the faculty and fill their places with Russians. In this way the last leading member of the once famous theological faculty at Dorpat, Dr. Volck, a recognized authority in the Semitic and Old Testament departments, was ousted. He expects to begin his university career over again by joining the Greifswald faculty as a Privatdocent.

An international conference of librarians and other scholars, attended by representatives of nearly every European state and presided over by Theodor Mommsen of Berlin, was recently held at St. Gallen, Switzerland, in order to devise means for preserving and restoring old manuscripts. The conference was first suggested by Father Ehrle of Rome, and began with an interesting account of the measures taken in the libraries of the Vatican and Leyden to prevent the gradual disintegration and irreparable loss of these rare treasures. A standing committee, consisting of Father Ehrle of

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Rome, Dr. S. G. de Vries of Leyden, and Prof. Dr. Zangemeister of Heidelberg, was appointed for the purpose of consulting with librarians and chemists as to the best methods of accomplishing the desired object, and of securing the necessary appropriations from the governments especially concerned. Under the direction of this committee, photographic facsimiles of the most valuable and most perishable manuscripts will be made.

Of 151,398 recruits for the Prussian army in 1897-'98, 170, *i. e.*, 11 in 10,000, were unable to read and write. In 1879-'80 the percentage was 230 in 10,000. The number of illiterates varies greatly in different provinces. In Posen, where the population is chiefly Slavic, it is 43 in 10,000, in East Prussia 37, in West Prussia 36, in the Rhine provinces 19, in Pomerania 7, in Brandenburg 5, and in the other provinces from 1 to 2. Commendable progress has been made during the last decade in consequence of the increased extension and efficiency of elementary schools. In 1879-'80 the percentage of illiterates in Posen was 10.99 per 10,000, and during the same period it has been reduced to one-twentieth of what it was in East and West Prussia.

The Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology and Natural History at Kalihi, a suburb of Honolulu, has issued the initial number of a new serial publication entitled "Occasional Papers." It contains a report by the director, William T. Brigham, of a journey around the world undertaken to examine various ethnological collections. In connection with an account of the museums visited are descriptions and illustrations of many implements and objects of ethnological interest from the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The trustees announce their intention to issue a second series of publications to consist of "Memoirs," in quarto form. Among the subjects to be treated are Hawaiian feather work, the fauna of the Hawaiian Islands, some remarkable Hawaiian crania, and notes on Hawaiian antiquities. The trustees furthermore contemplate the establishment of a Marine Zoölogical Station at Honolulu.

'Notes on Gold Dredging, with reference to the introduction of the industry into New South Wales,' by J. B. Jaquet, has been published by the Geological Survey of New South Wales as No. 3 of the "Mineral Resources" series. It has long been known that the gravel in many river-beds in New South Wales contains considerable quantities of gold, but the difficulties of mining in the presence of large bodies of water have hitherto prevented its economical extraction. The success attending river dredging in New Zealand has suggested the adoption of this method in New South Wales. It is asserted that the industry has been brought to such a state of perfection that "ground containing only a grain or a grain and a half of gold per cubic yard" can be worked at a profit. Maps and illustrations accompany Mr. Jaquet's report.

Few are the notable characters of the day whom F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, does not catch in his net. We receive from him, almost as a matter of course, a fine imperial-panel photograph of the late Col. Waring, which will serve for his remembrance when the present rulers of Greater New York are forgotten.

—A notable book on fine art from across the water is the new volume on Thomas Gainsborough (Scribners). The writer is Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, and author of several monographs of value. Gainsborough and his work are a specialty of his, and he has already published a treatise on them, which fills one of the volumes forming the present series of the *Portfolio*. The treatise now under consideration is longer—twice as long, perhaps—and is printed and set forth in the stateliest fashion on folio pages, fifteen inches high: this to accommodate the large plates, but he who thinks he has to do with merely a decorative book will find something very different—that is to say, a sound and thorough discussion of interesting art-problems. The brief history of English pictorial art which is contained in the first and ninth chapters, connected as these are by the general thought which runs through the chapters devoted especially to Gainsborough, is worthy of most careful study. The illustrations are thirty-six photogravures on separate leaves, about as many in the text, and ten lithographs in facsimile of drawings; also one of the celebrated letter from Gainsborough to the hanging committee of the Royal Academy, written in 1783. The reproductions are of great beauty (those of the portraits having an especial charm), so that there are few monochromatic pictures finer than the Mrs. Siddons, the David Garrick, the Admiral Hawkins, the "Morning Walk" (Squire Hallett and his Wife), or the "Blue Boy." Concerning this last-named picture, the fine canvas of the same name, owned in New York, is here described as, "(?) An excellent copy, by Hoppner, of the Grosvenor House picture, 7½ by 50½"—these last being not exactly the dimensions given to the picture in London. This man, John Hoppner, was a much admired portrait-painter of the time, and in his hand the famous Gainsborough picture remained for some years: the copying of his great contemporary's work having evidently been a labor of love. Besides the description, which we have reprinted from the alphabetical catalogue of portraits at the close of the volume, the case is stated at length on page 124.

—Fourteen years ago *Mélusine* published the result of some researches concerning the origin and variant forms of the sailors' song "La Courte Paille," familiar to the French in many versions, and well known to English eyes and ears in Thackeray's "Little Billee." In this magazine's summer number of this year (July-August) a good deal of additional information on the subject is given, including a collation of twenty-five versions—most of them of the French *d'oïl*, some of the *d'oc*, and two Catalan—together with an instructive article by M. George Doncieux. The song evidently originated in the littoral of the Northwest; thence it passed to the coasts of Gascony and of Provence, changing its form from dialects of *d'oïl* to dialects of *d'oc*, and last of all Provençal versions appeared in Catalonia. It even went beyond the Gallo-Roman domain, as is shown by an Armorican version, in which its cheerful and humorous note is lost in Celtic gloom. There is, besides, a Portuguese romance in which the French song reappears, strangely metamorphosed into a fantastic and infernal shape. M. Doncieux mentions also a Greek version, which appeared in the *Academy* of July 19, 1884; but this was merely one of those mystifications of the learned with which Grecians, as other scholars, sometimes beguile their leisure. There is a curious parallelism between the various French versions of the "Courte Paille" and a Scandinavian ballad, known by two Icelandic versions of the sixteenth century, a Danish version of the seventeenth, and a contemporary Norwegian one. In both, the ground lines of the theme are the same—a ship that does not reach land, exhaustion of provisions, and a victim chosen by lot to satisfy the hunger of the crew; but in all else the treatment and turn of events differ so much as to indicate that the origins of the two types lie very far apart. M. Doncieux, who asserts that the prototype of the French versions cannot be assigned to an earlier date than late in the seventeenth century, attributes a much greater age to the Scandinavian form, which he regards as primitive. In the critical text now given by *Mélusine*, the first line is the one which is commonest in the versions:

"Il était un petit navire."

In "Little Billee," Thackeray followed very closely what may perhaps have been a more modern and popular form:

"C'est de trois mariniers d'Espagne
Qui d'une ville ont pris congé,"

and keeps this version within sight throughout his song. This variant, of which M. Doncieux does not speak, may be found in 'Les Chansonniers Français,' published as No. 74 in the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Populaire." "Little Billee" itself, so far as appears, is quite unknown across the Channel.

—The German-Asiatic Society is a creditable institution from which have proceeded many learned papers on the subjects connected with China and Japan. At its last meeting in Yokohama, September 6, Mr. K. T. Stoepel, a special student of political science, read a paper on the new German possessions in China, Kiao-Chau, based on a residence of two months there, studying the country and compiling from the writings of the best Chinese scholars literary data concerning the place. He expects this station will be "only the beginning of a large series." In 1870 Bismarck had intended to take possession of Kiao-Chau, but the Franco-German war prevented. In 1892 Li Hung Chang received permission to fortify the port, but the war with Japan thwarted his plans. The entrance to the bay is nearly two miles wide, and there are twenty fathoms of water, but on account of the strong northeast monsoons, especially during the winter, breakwaters, which will cost over one hundred million marks, will be necessary toward the north and west. The Chinese population of the territory is estimated at sixty thousand, and of the province of Shantang, under quasi-German influence, thirty millions. Instead of the two thousand troops at present garrisoning the place, who must needs be changed every few months, Mr. Stoepel proposes a voluntary troop of soldiers who would remain stationed there a long time. The five million marks voted by the Reichstag must be spent mostly for transport and military expenses, and will not go far towards building the necessary stone barracks and hospitals. "The German race differs from our Anglo-Saxon cousins in that, with the English, business and patriotism go hand in hand, while with us business comes before patriotism." The German and British interests in China he considers to be identical. Coal is cheap and near at hand, but a railway will be necessary, and the engineer-

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ing difficulties will not be great. The growing of wine has been very successfully begun.

—*Do the Chinese constitute a nation, or* are they only a race? A Japanese traveller and writer in the last issue of the *Hansei Zasshi* makes analysis of the people in China proper, or the eighteen provinces. He declares that the people of North China are the most sluggish in their thoughts, are more opposed to progress and enlightenment, and are not likely to produce any great and powerful leader who will participate in reform "and in the probable revolution to come." He considers that love and devotion to country are practically unknown in the regions nearest to Peking. This affords a curious Chinese illustration of the old proverb, "The nearest to the church the farthest from grace." Even the wise men in Peking come from various, and for the most part distant, provinces. He finds the cause of this lack of patriotism in the ignorance and poverty of the mass of the inhabitants. In South China he discerns a greater spirit of progress, more courage and hope, with a better acquaintance with the great world at large; but these provinces lack men who have the intelligence, capacity, or learning necessary for the leaders which China to-day so sorely needs. It is in Central China that Mr. Narahara finds abundance of natural resources, convenience of communications, and a quality of mind which promises the production, in time of need, of leaders of "the coming revolution." Historically, he declares that these central provinces have produced a larger number of wise and active men than all the rest of the Chinese Empire. Indeed, Central China, including the neighboring provinces of the Yang-Tse or Great River, has been and still is the real centre of Chinese civilization. Even the contemporaneous men of force in the southern provinces are mostly immigrants from Central China. He regards the Chinese, in general, as the most indifferent people in the world in regard to political affairs. There are two great classes of the population of which little can be expected—the highest, in which is prevalent "the poisonous anti-foreign spirit and conservative thought," and the lower class, who form all but a small fraction of humanity in China, wherein are visible only poverty, indifference, and the struggle for life. The sole hope is in a class which, relatively, has as yet scarcely any existence, though showing power. This small and hopeful remnant includes the reading public and the thinking men who interest themselves in foreign affairs. Dark as is the outlook, "the first guiding fire of the Chinese revolution will surely break out from this middle class."

GRISWOLD AND HIS TIMES.

Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold. Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold. 1898.

The one distinguishing tribute paid to Rufus Wilmot Griswold, one that establishes his characteristic excellence, was his selection by Poe to be the literary executor of that unhappy genius. Poe was a good judge of editorial capacity; and, notwithstanding a history of personal relations that would seem to exclude the possibility of such a choice, Poe showed great sense in regard to his own interests when he engaged the best-known and best-equipped American editor to collect and publish his works. He thus secured, under favorable conditions, a form of publication which he had always failed in accomplishing himself. Griswold was in his day an important person in American literary life. His connection with Poe was incidental. To himself and others he was first of all the one man who had attempted to show the poetic accomplishment of our country in its first half-century, for the honor and encouragement of our literature, and had succeeded in the task, difficult and in many ways ungrateful, of a proper selection and just arrangement of the material. This work constitutes his real claim to thankful remembrance; it is, and for students of American literature it must remain, a landmark volume, which for their purposes cannot be displaced. Whatever its demerits of substance may be, they faithfully reflect the time's qualities, and the editorial part is unexceptionable. Griswold was a born compiler, as Greeley saw from the start when he was employing him in the scissors work of journalism: "He [Raymond] has no judgment with regard to selections. There you are unrivalled"; and again, "In literary cooperism you were boss, decidedly." And in his book-work Griswold was putting to use the same ability that he had exercised in newspaper offices. The sort of labor involved and the kind of success he achieved are fairly stated in his own words:

"There had been published in this country about five hundred volumes of rhythmical compositions of various kinds and degrees of merit, nearly all of which I read with more or less attention. From the mass I chose about one-fifth, as containing writings not unworthy of notice in such an examination of this part of our literature as I proposed to make. I have been censured, perhaps justly, for the wide range of my selections. But I did not consider all the contents of the volume poetry. I aimed merely to show what had been accomplished toward a poetical literature by our writers in verse before the close of the first half century of our national existence. With much of the first order of excellence, more was accepted that was comparatively poor. But I believe nothing was admitted inferior to passages in the most celebrated foreign works of like character. I have also been condemned for omissions. But on this score I have no regrets. I can think of no name not included in the first edition which I would now admit without better credentials than were before me when that edition was printed."

His pride was well justified; and what is here said of the first of the several compilations he made applies equally to the remainder.

Apart from the merit of his work, his position as the Rhadamanthus of contemporary poetic ambitions, then perhaps more numerous even than now, made him the centre of much correspondence, and resulted in his papers becoming the repository of an unusual amount of literary information about books and their authors, biographical data at first hand, and other matters of transitory nature, such that this selection from them by his son is well described in the prefatory note as the "small-talk of authors and journalists of fifty years ago." The editor goes on to say that "the literary history of the time is neither respected by scholars nor favored by fashion," but he hopes that if the period should ever be thought deserving of more careful study, these documents may prove of value. The volume thus makes no present-day claim for itself; and yet it contains a more vivid and more intimate view of the atmosphere and state of literature in the early manhood of our more important writers, as they proved to be, than is elsewhere to be obtained.

It is true that the world of letters depicted seems to have little to do with Longfellow, Lowell, and Hawthorne; it is the more populous world of the "Literati," the little New Englanders, the little Knickerbockers, and others of the gnomes and elves of Parnassus, if such small people have any abiding-place in the crevices and on the swards of that mystic place. It is the world of the magazines and journals and their brief and flimsy reputations, of coteries and circles in the city and visitants from the Southwest and the Illinois prairies—the world which seems now more malicious and now more humorous, but which was the environment, in taste, feeling, and culture, of the pursuit of letters here for a generation. The talk is "small-talk"; and the names of the speakers come like faint echoes of a "ruined Paradise." A Paradise, in some sort, it must have seemed to themselves. Here is a peep into it, on July 10, 1842:

"I have been to New York for a few days, and saw all the people—breakfasted with Willis, smoked with Halleck, took tea with Keese, dined with Maria 'del Occidente,' chatted with Hoffman, Balmanno, Mrs. Embury, Seba Smith, Miss Thayer (an old Boston friend of yours, who is one of the greatest of living characters), etc. Touching Maria Brooks—she is a wonderful woman—I have never seen her compeer. She talked as volubly as any woman, but not as women talk; but what I have to say of her must be addressed to Whipple, concerning whom, and Macaulay, we held appreciative converse. You have seen, I doubt not, the new arrangements for the magazine. I had little to do with the July No., as it was nearly all printed before I came hither; but the August is better, and the September will be better still. Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, all the while! besides Fields and Tuckerman!—of course you will send me something in time for it. Speaking of Longfellow—the MS. of his 'Spanish Student' I shall have bound in green and gold—would you not like to have it? Such autographs are not to be picked up every day."

Thus Griswold to Fields. More remote still—more redolent of the Elysian poppy in the burying-meadows of time—is this advice of Hoffman, December 28, 1844, which may be profitable for counsel to compilers of our distinguished American prose even now:

"I certainly would balance the florid style of Bancroft with the directness of Sparks—nor would your book be complete without quotations from Gouverneur Morris, whom the men of his day thought a master of elegant writing. In making my selections, I would choose the passages which are most characteristic of the writer (which in some instances are not the best that might be culled). Timothy Flint's description of Red River, for instance, in his 'Francis Berrien,' is happily the most Flintish as well as the finest passage you could quote from him. Irving's Bracebridge Hall has a passage which is the very tip-toppery of his elegance. In Frisbie's review of Bryon there is a passage of rare musical cadence. In Gouverneur Morris you will find a blending of the epigrammatic style of Junius with much of the polished facility of the old French memoirs—and in John Randolph you have more than the biting sarcasm of Wilkes."

On the next page there is a grave-to-grave poll of the candidates, from the pen of a Cambridge divine. We rub our eyes as if we had reversed the legend of Sleepy Hollow and waked in a world of "lang syne" as unfamiliar, and as disproportioned to our recollection, as Rip Van Winkle's.

But, after all, though humorous surprise

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will intrude upon the reader, there is a great deal of reality in this literary past. The sight of Longfellow reading the works of John Neal "straight through" is almost educative in the actuality it gives to boredom. Whipple's remark is brief but full as to certain aspects of the matter: "I have no patience with the New York literati. They are all the time quarrelling with each other. Why not kiss and be friends? You have a precious lot of feuds on your own hands. 'A plague on both your houses, say I.'" Boston is sketched out a bit by Fields, who contributes to the volume two familiar epistles in verse to "Rufe," as the great editor is companionably called (or "Gris") throughout by his friends; but no quotation could do sufficient injustice to them—they must be read in order to be properly damned. The whole volume, it must be understood, though thoroughly edited, is piecemeal in character; and it is only by an extract here and there that one can indicate rapidly that vivid and intimate quality which has been already mentioned as characterizing it and giving it salt.

The most interesting person who appears in it is Horace Greeley, whose letters are numerous and such as no other could indite. They are rapid notes, business notes, familiar in the extreme, and all strongly marked with the hard good sense, the activity, the homely directness, the excellent intellectual interests and friendly serviceableness of the restless and various writer. His desire to issue an edition of Praed, and his comments on the poet, ("I will get it published somewhere if I have to run in debt for it"), and still more his interest in Shelley's poems ("There is not a copy of them to be had here [New York: 1845], and I presume not in the country. You know they ought to be published"), are curious memoranda of his tastes. In the business of public notices he was sadly unscrupulous: "Get a right notice in the *Ledger*, if you can. Swain would like to do me a kindness. But pay for it rather than not get a good one." The advice was proof of the mercenary custom of criticism then, as is plain from many a line elsewhere, as where Epes Sargent sends his "little book" with this request: "Please keep the authorship a secret, and if you can get the accompanying notices published, one in the *North American* and the other in the *Evening Journal* without betraying it, do so. I shall be much obliged, and will cheerfully reciprocate the favor at any time." Greeley's characterizations are the shrewdest in the volume, often only hints, but effective, and to Griswold himself he sometimes uses a tell-tale frankness: "Now write me a few racy, spicy—not personal, far less malignant [letters] depicting society and life in Philadelphia. *Soon*, mind. . . . About half a column in length, spirited and lively, but not spiteful. Satirize Society and customs if you must, but don't touch individuals." Again, "The only principle I ever found you tenacious of is that of having your pay at least as fast as you earn it." There are several other unfavorable *obiter dicta* from different persons with regard to Griswold, who certainly had unamiable traits and grave defects, concerning which the best statement is Leland's: "He was to his death so uniformly a friend to me and so untiring in his efforts to aid me, that I cannot find words to express his kindness nor the gratitude I feel. . . . To the end of his life I was always with him a privileged character, and could take, if I chose, the most extraordinary liberties, though he was one of the most irritable and vindictive men I ever met if he fancied he was in any way too familiarly treated." Yet though Griswold's personality is thus fully suggested, it cannot be said that he is particularly noticeable for imperfection in comparison with the crowd upon the page.

It would be an interminable task were one to try to survey that crowd in detail. Strange and wonderful persons abound in it, intellects *manqué* and morals very much in the same deplorable state. Chivers is easily the first—no doubt an excellent man, but in verse the idiot form of Poe:

> "Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
> Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
> From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets
> *Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;*
> Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
> On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
> Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
> Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee."

No wonder that Poe abandoned him as a friend. Here, too, are the unlaid ghosts of H. W. Herbert and G. G. Foster, to the latter of whom Greeley and Griswold were truly friends at need; and among the female literati, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, whose life was a remarkable one, and of course the Ellets and Osgoods, the Carys, and many more. Of several of these, detailed biographies are given, and they are from authentic sources. The tribute of John Esten Cooke to his brother Philip Pendleton, dated 1851, is charming, and George William Curtis's account of himself, ending "*Voilà tout!* and Shelley died when he was no older than I am," is interesting; so is John Neal's similar communication. In the way of curious literature, those who remember Poe's "Valentine" to Mrs. Osgood in which he wove her name into the verse, will read the similar effusion she addressed to Griswold with a touch of surprise. It is an illustrative document in regard to the literary group. The italics show the inserted names.

> "*For* one, whose being is to mine a star,
> Trembling I weave in lines of love and *fun*
> What Fame before has echoed near and *far*.
> A sonnet if you like,—I'll give you one
> To be *cross*-questioned ere it's truth is solv'd.
> Here veiled and hidden in a rhyming *wreath*
> A name is turned with mine in cunning sheath,
> And unless by some marvel rare evolved,
> Forever folded from all idler eyes,
> Silent and secret still it treasured lies,
> Whilst mine *goes* winding onward, as a rill
> Thro' a deep wood in unseen joyance dances,
> Calling in melody's bewildering thrill
> Whilst thro' *dim* leaves its partner *dreams* and glances."

Mrs. Osgood's letter showing her real relations with Poe will also be found in the volume. But to draw to an end in this maze of extraordinary and minute matter, enough has been shown of the contents of the volume to impress any student of the times on their literary or social side with its rare documentary value.

At the end two things stand out. The first is the mean literary poverty of the time, its atmosphere of impecuniosity, of little pay for the best work, of a log-rolling and subsidized criticism and feeble product; its environment of gossip and scandal, its deficient morality, its undeniable vulgarity, its Grub-Street and Dunciad populace with the disadvantages of a large female immigration into these purlieus; and the second is the character and position of Griswold as a prince among his peers; but what a princedom and what a peerage! The impression the book makes, it must be candidly confessed, is degrading to our American pride. If oblivion could have been the lot of such literary mortality as is here disclosed, it would have been nothing to be sorry for in our judgment; but the hope for oblivion is now as hopeless as the hope of old-fashioned fame, and we must accept a literary ancestry exposed to the full light that now beats upon the mob as hotly as once upon the throne. Of the editor's work (except constructively) it is impossible to speak too highly. He has done it thoroughly, frankly, and with impenetrable justice; and he deserves the credit of giving to us the most important, lasting, and illuminating work, outside of the biographies of our greater authors, upon the literary annals of the nation in its days of nonage.

THE STANDARD OF LIFE.

The Standard of Life, and Other Studies. By Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet, author of 'Rich and Poor.' The Macmillan Company. 1898.

Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, who is (a third with Henry Jones and D. G. Ritchie) one of the most distinguished of the later English Hegelians, is not yoked unequally with a woman of less notable ability than his own, though what she has in common with her husband is much less an aptitude for metaphysics than a sincere interest in social questions, and a talent for the discussion of them with great philosophical acumen, qualified at every point by "saving common sense." Her 'Rich and Poor,' published two years ago, afforded ample evidence of her intelligent appreciation of the matters of which she proposed to treat. Singularly free from all those vain imaginations which are excited by one specific or another for the universal reformation of society, her sympathies included every class, and she had much to offer in the way of sensible and humane advice on either hand. She had seen too much of the poor with her own eyes to be taken in the snare of those who think that all the bread poor people eat is salt with tears. Many of them are happier, in their own way, than those who are extremely rich.

Her second book, like 'Rich and Poor,' is a series of studies in inductive sociology. Her theories are made to fit the facts, and not the facts to fit her theories. The first study, which gives its title to the book, is a well argued and quite plausible attempt to show how influential is the Standard of Life in determining the industrial and moral well being of the individual. The doctrine of "the Living Wage" is carefully examined, and shown to be a scale that varies with many external and internal factors. In this connection there are very interesting comparisons between the cost of living now and formerly for the English laborer. The showing is encouraging, and indicates a remarkable difference in the proportion of wages spent for the bare necessaries a century ago and now. The difference in leisure, too, is very great. In five years the English working class has gained increased leisure to the amount of 41½ million hours per year. But does the increase of wages and leisure involve a higher standard of living? Not necessarily. It depends on what is bought with the wages and done with the leisure. More money and more leisure may mean more self-indulgence and more foolish waste. Nevertheless, the tendency is for the better-paid to spend less, proportion-

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ately, on the lower plane. Means make wants as well as wants make means. But more and better wants are essential to a higher standard. Here Mrs. Bosanquet is in close touch with M. Demolins's contention (in his 'Anglo-Saxon Superiority') for the English love of getting as better than the proverbial French economy. But as to heightening the use of leisure, "we cannot force interests or occupations or benefits of any kind on men from without, however desirable we may think them; they must grow out of their own strivings and desires, their own planning and progress. The best we can do for each other is to remove unnecessary obstacles, and the worst—to weaken any of the motives which urge us to strive."

The danger of being one-sided in these matters is well brought out. Incidentally several of the bubbles are pricked that have been blown up very large and thin by our protectionists. For one, the demand for higher prices, as if they did not affect consumption as well as wages: the rise in the price of coal forced by the lockout in 1893 was freezing cold to many of the old women of London who had just enough to live on. For another, the idea that the high wages of America do not pay for more work done than the low wages of Europe: hence the cheap-soup fallacy—the danger of lowering the standard of living, and thereby the rate of wages. Another fallacy is that the laborer should have outside help when wages are low. Such help only encourages him to be content with a lower wage, thereby injuring others with himself. There is good matter on the education of the poor as to the kind of work in demand, and in refusing to be content with ill-made things which are not worth the money paid for them and are the sweater's opportunity.

"The Burden of Small Debts" is a less theoretical and more definitely practical essay than its forerunner. It has for its object a criticism on the notion that the assimilation of the credit system by persons of small means is a social benefit. The application of this system to the petty affairs of the laboring people is considered under the heads of Borrowing, Pawning, and Not-Paying, and the details are full of interest and instruction. In the Shoreditch County Court last year there were 12,600 suits for the recovery of petty sums; in one batch of 300 the highest sum owed was five shillings. The costermongers pay 400 per cent. annual interest upon their petty loans. Under the head of Pawning we have a most pathetic story, reaching its climax in the pawning of the Sunday clothes each Monday morning to pay the rent, and their recovery with the rent-money each Saturday night. Under the head of Not-Paying we have a woman moving herself and family and belongings five times in order to avoid the payment of 1s. a week for a sewing-machine; as soon as she is tracked, making another flitting. Mrs. Bosanquet decides that these forms of money-wasting have no real analogy to the credit system of the commercial world, and asks in conclusion; "Would the working class on the whole benefit if an act were passed making small debts irrecoverable at law?" She gives a negative answer. The judicious advance of small sums upon a basis of prospective wages in cases of misfortune is approved.

A chapter called "Klassenkampf" argues convincingly that the class differences and hatreds in England are rapidly fading out. They exist mainly between the nobility and the "residuum"; but so many of the nobility are going into business, and so many of the "residuum" are going to work, that even here the antagonism tends to disappear. Then, too, "the very wealthy are giving place to the moderately wealthy, and the very poor to the moderately comfortable." This chapter is supplemented by the next, "The Lines of Industrial Conflict," in which the contention is that they are not those of Labor and Capital, but of different classes of producers. The remedy suggested—that in every trade a system of taking out costs should be adopted and all selling prices fixed on this basis—is found to be inadequate. "A community which was completely organized on these lines would be one in which the necessaries of life would be very expensive compared with the luxuries."

We next have a chapter entitled "The Psychology of Social Progress." It contends that what we want is not an impossible unselfishness, but a self with wider interests; and the criticism offered on much of the teaching offered to the working classes to-day is:

"It gains its influence not by presenting them with wider issues and stronger sympathies, which would enable them to harmonize their lives with that of the community, and so to share in as well as to advance its progress, but by concentrating the attention of the class upon its narrower self, and by exciting its disintegrating emotions."

"The Education of Women" is one of the most simple and impressive treatments of this subject that we have ever seen. It sets out with a very entertaining account of the ideals of women's education that have prevailed from early times, giving to the Jewish ideal of the Book of Proverbs a generous meed of praise. Mrs. Bosanquet's demand is, "that what knowledge women do have shall be true knowledge and not mere accomplishment, and that it shall be open to them so far as they are able to avail themselves of it." She applies this principle to the industrial classes and shows how much they suffer from not practically observing it. As to whether married women should work, except as housewives, she says, No, and rejoices that the custom is decreasing. Concerning the competition of women with men she has some good observations. Next follows a plea for "The Industrial Education of Woman," elaborating a special feature of the preceding article, and contending that, to arm women against misfortune when it comes, girls should have as good industrial training as boys.

Writing of "Little Drudges and Troublesome Boys," she finds the sorest need to be that "parents should be encouraged to feel their responsibility instead of being freed from it." "An Apology for False Statements" is a chapter quite apart from the average texture of the book. The apology is that the great majority of so-called "false statements" are the expressions of an undeveloped intelligence rather than a low standard of morality. In the next chapter Mrs. Bosanquet returns to her accustomed path, and gives an account of industrial conditions a hundred years ago, based on Sir Frederick Eden's 'State of the Poor,' published in 1797. It is poor reading for pessimists, so great has been the change of most things for the better since the time when Eden's book appeared. Finally, we have "Two Thousand Years Ago: A Lesson to Social Reformers." It is a conversation between Socrates and Glaucon, the son of Ariston, very happily conceived in the manner of Plato's dialogues. The lesson is, that social reformers should study social conditions before offering proposals for recasting them from top to bottom. It is clear that Mrs. Bosanquet has taken her own medicine, and her book is one that we can heartily recommend to all who are sincerely interested in social and industrial problems.

Trimalchio's Dinner by Petronius Arbiter. Translated by Harry Thurston Peck. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

A fourth name may now be added to the brief list of scholars who have labored in this country on the great novel of Petronius. But the writings of Beck and Hayley, and, in a less degree, those of Crowell, are contributions to learning; Prof. Peck's little volume is intended for the general reader. The main part of it contains an English version of the famous story of the dinner party given by Trimalchio, that type of the *nouveau riche* in the early Empire. This is preceded by an introduction on prose fiction in Greece and Rome, on the novel of Petronius, and on the 'Banquet' itself. Finally, there is a good bibliography.

The introduction (which appears to be an extension of articles by the same author in 'Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities') shows thorough acquaintance with the authorities, and is the best popular account in English of the growth of the romance in antiquity. The author's apparently intimate acquaintance with modern fiction, particularly that of a certain school in France, enables him to draw very interesting parallels to the productions in the same kind by *décadent* Greeks and Romans. He has a wide knowledge of the literature of his subject, and is seldom to be caught nodding, but he is mistaken in thinking that the 'Epistles' of Alciphron, which certainly deserve all the praise he gives them, have never been translated into English. We have at hand the anonymous London version of 1791 (by two hands, T. Monro and W. Beloe). It omits *(pudoris causa)* only three of the 118 letters.

In style Prof. Peck's translation is admirable. It is lively and written in idiomatic English of to-day, without a trace of that dialect which, in the harmful unnecessary Bohn, has done so much to corrupt the youth of England and America. The art of Petronius, whereby, at least in the 'Banquet,' he suits his speech to the speaker—never suffering the language of the narrator, Eucolpius, to degenerate into the *sermo plebeius* of the other speakers—finds faithful reflection here. In rendering a work like this, especially for the general reader, the temptation is great to see slang where no slang really is; but Prof. Peck rarely yields to it. He does so unnecessarily, we think, in rendering *contemnas* by "to be sneezed at" (p. 92), and it is at least a stretch to translate *matus sum* by "I'm loaded for bear" (p. 100). The phrase *sobria, bonorum consiliorum*, is far from warranting "she's as straight as a string, in fact, a really smart woman" (p. 90). And surely Trimalchio's quotation of Virgil's *sic notus Ulixes* could never have suggested such slang as, "Do you take me for that sort of a hairpin?" (p. 94). On the other hand, *cubitum ponetis*, rendered by "you are going

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to dine" (p. 74), means really something like our "crook your elbow."

Here and there Prof. Peck, accidentally as it would seem, omits to render a necessary word or phrase: as, *varia* in *pica varia* (p. 76); *in tribunal* (p. 77); *novo more* (p. 81); *iterum* (p. 84); *Ego nihil scio sed audivi* (p. 92); and the witty *manumisit aliquot* (p. 102). He slides pretty smoothly over those many rotten spots where nobody can be really sure of his standing; *super sagittarium octopetam* (p. 87) he dodges altogether, though we have in chap. 39 *in sagittario strabones*. To render *quemadmodum illi Cyclops pollicem poricino extorsit* by "how the Cyclops twisted his thumb after he had been turned into a pig" (p. 118) is to see a good deal more in the Latin than sober emendation will admit. And how can *qui utrasque parietes linunt* be our saying about killing two birds with one stone (p. 95), in the light of Cicero, *Fam.*, 7, 29, 2, and *Appendix Proverbiorum*, 2, 2? People like Mr. Facing-both-ways are probably meant here. But on all these points doctors still disagree. It is hard to see, however, how there can be any doubt about the meaning of such words as *paronychia*, which Prof. Peck translates "corns" (p. 80); *promulsidaria*, rendered by "objects placed before us" (p. 81); *super virginem steriliculam*, by "over the virgin a sow's paunch" (p. 87), where, if there *must* be Bowdlerizing, the whole had better have been omitted. And how can *Cæsar non pote validius quam expavit* possibly mean "Cæsar naturally supposed that it had been broken" (p. 122)? Such versions, if wilful substitutions for what Petronius says, and not downright misunderstandings of his meaning, wholly fail to give a proper idea of the original thoughts.

Of the dozen full-page illustrations the less said the better; they are neither new nor well executed. And perhaps a certain now sober-minded graduate of a college not a thousand miles from Boston will not be over-pleased when he sees, in the figure called "A Roman Youth," a very rude process cut of himself, in the scanty costume which he wore in the "Phormio" of Terence.

History of Modern Europe. By Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

Those who practise the art of composition will realize that 140,000 words do not, unless printed in the style of new poetry, make a large volume. On a rough computation, that seems to us the extent of Dr. Schwill's space; and as he begins his sketch of Modern Europe at the fifteenth century, he faces a difficult task. If only one could compress within such rigid limits a striking or suggestive narrative, his triumph would be great and instantaneous. But the contrast between the possibility and the likelihood of success recalls that typical fairy tale wherein a princess is the victor's prize and the gallows the reward of failure. Or, since college text-books and children's stories do not harmonize very well, it may be said that because mediocre manuals are so easily produced, the ability to prepare a good one is a mark of rare and special talent.

Dr. Schwill's treatise has the advantage (which for purposes of elementary study is considerable) of being much shorter than Prof. Lodge's book on the same theme, and, even relatively to bulk, it is not so crowded with dull detail. Still, we doubt whether it is precisely what teachers have awaited during these last ten years. Compared again with Lodge, Dr. Schwill writes the English language less correctly, and his ideas are unmarked by the distinction which his style lacks. In emphasizing the best features of this work we should select the author's choice of topics, and the large number of marginal headings which are furnished throughout the successive chapters. We have not observed in any case the inclusion of a petty or negligible subject, and, on the other hand, enough is set before the beginner to give him a clear impression of the main lines which modern progress has pursued. Essential facts are presented, and perhaps with average accuracy, but traces of reflection are wanting. Whereas the best species of manual is an organic whole, Dr. Schwill's outline suggests abridgment and compilation rather than original knowledge or independent judgment.

Our most hostile criticism is directed against a looseness of diction which apparently springs from the desire to discuss weighty matters in crisp and easy fashion. We quite admit that the average student must not be frightened by colorless and pedantic language, but, if one must choose between evils, an undue degree of formality is better than slang or the various kinds of "colloquialism." History sinks below its proper level when it disregards either clearness or propriety of idiom, and the speech of undergraduates is already so corrupted by lax expressions that they should not be further encouraged to use slipshod English by their masters.

Passing from the matter of form to that of accuracy, improvement is noticeable. Dr. Schwill makes a certain number of statements which one must term distinctly incorrect, but almost always he has checked and collated carefully. He betrays, however, a bad habit of speaking in round numbers, as if minutiæ were not worth considering. Thus, for instance, he is fond of counting by dozens: (p. 48) "Switzerland consisted in the sixteenth century of a dozen or so of cantons"; (p. 96) "Sir Francis Drake and a dozen other freebooters fell upon the Spaniards wherever they found them"; (p. 109) "Dozens of towns, especially in the northern provinces, felt suddenly encouraged to drive the Spaniards out"; (p. 139) "The Parliament of Paris (there were a dozen others in the provinces)," etc.

We insist less upon Dr. Schwill's actual slips than upon the other points which have been mentioned, since their total is creditably small in proportion to the mass of facts presented. Altogether we have noticed sixteen passages where he seems astray. We cannot tabulate them all, but cite two or three to illustrate their general character: P. 23, "the house of York, a branch of the reigning house of Lancaster," is a phrase which does not express the true genealogical connection of these two rival lines in the reign of Henry VI., nor does "simmering vaguely in his mind," p. 34, adequately define Luther's ideas on Justification in 1517. A self-contradiction appears in pp. 95 and 101. On the former page Dr. Schwill is explaining Elizabeth's attitude towards Mary Stuart in 1568. He says, among other things, "she saw . . . the King of France preparing to make an end of the Huguenots (Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572)." Later, p. 131, when speaking of St. Bartholomew under the head of France, he rightly deserts the position that it was designed long before. "On the spur of the moment, as it were, they [Catharine and the Guises] planned the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. This famous massacre is therefore not to be considered, as was once the custom, a carefully laid plot of the Catholic head of Europe, but rather as a bloodthirsty improvisation of a desperate band."

We have been led to expose the deficiencies of Dr. Schwill's manual by the conviction that text-books require thorough investigation, and that they should not be thoughtlessly or politely praised. Before concluding, bare justice requires that we should credit this sketch with much useful material, and with the judicious exclusion of much that might have been readily included. The maps are well executed, the type is clear, and we have not found a single misprint.

Five Years in Siam. From 1891 to 1896. By H. Warington Smyth. With maps and illustrations by the author. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898. 8vo.

In Siam, as in China and Japan, the old and the new are struggling for the mastery. The King, aided by a few enlightened men, is striving to introduce Western principles of government and methods of industry. Opposed to him is the inert mass of the people, enslaved to custom and tradition, and all whose private interests are threatened by the proposed reforms. To overcome this resistance, strenuous though passive, departments of justice, education, public works, agriculture, commerce, and mines have been created in which the native heads are aided by European advisers. Mr. Warington Smyth was appointed in 1891 a director of the department of mines, which had for its work "the regulation of mining affairs, the beginning of a geological survey, and the drafting of a code of mining regulations." A considerable part of the next five years was spent in visiting the various mining districts of the kingdom, and the present work is in substance an account of these journeys. But it is far more than a mere book of travels. The descriptions of scenery and noteworthy incidents are subordinated to accounts of the different peoples, Siamese, Laos, Shans, Burmese, and Chinese, with whom our author had to deal, their customs and characteristics; to observations on the methods of government in the different districts, the progress of the reforms and the obstacles with which they had to contend, and to accounts of the principal industries in addition to the mining of tin and gems. His unusual opportunities for seeing the people, and his keen personal interest in them, give these observations a value which cannot belong to those of the mere passing traveller.

Though Mr. Smyth had no exciting adventures or hairbreadth escapes, no thrilling encounters with tigers or dacoits, his pictures of rural Siam nevertheless offer many entertaining details. Among these are the descriptions of the small boats of the Siamese, which we commend to the attention of builders of corresponding craft in our own waters. Mr. Smyth's love for music is shown by the passages descriptive of the musical instruments of the natives and their airs, some of which latter are given in an appendix. There is much also relating to elephants and their capture, both singly and in herds. In a long account of a day's journey in the Lao hills he says:

"The march was diversified by the shrieking, wailing, and laughing of the gibbons,

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whom we could watch leaping and swinging with their long arms down from the tree-tops of the ridges opposite; sometimes by the gaudily decorated caravans of pack-oxen we met, clanging their deep-toned bells harmoniously; sometimes by the quiet-eyed elephants we passed, climbing warily along the treacherous pathway; or by the singing gangs of jocose and half-shy Lao, bearing packs of cotton, tobacco, or other produce southward, and who, with their cheerful greeting, sat down to have a chat."

On another journey, "one night we camped on a bamboo flooring in the lower boughs of a tall tree. On the floor above was a Karen with his two small boys whose watch-fire had attracted us, and the upper stories were occupied by a whole colony of Great Hornbills, over fifty in number. Below, in the basement, a colony of otters lived in the bank. The Karen was sociable and liked his tree, as many do ten-storied hotels in Western cities, for the sake of the life and movement in it."

There are numerous references to the recent French encroachments on Siamese territory, a chapter being devoted to the engagement near Bangkok in 1893, which led to the cession of the left bank of the Mekong and the formation of the neutral twenty-five-kilometre zone on the right bank. Abundant evidence is furnished to show that most of the territory seized by the French has little value, commercial or political. The river is practically unnavigable, and is useless as affording an outlet for Chinese trade with Indo-China. It flows through sparsely inhabited regions, and, though one of the great rivers of the globe, it has this almost unique distinction that, "from its cradle as the Gergu River in the far Tibetan highlands to its end in the stormy China Sea, it never sees a populous city or a noble building." The activity of the French in their new possessions is indicated in characteristic ways. At places on the river bank where there were numerous shrines with images of Buddha, Mr. Smyth found "numbers of paper tricolor flags stuck against the rocks by some of the French agents of the 'Syndicat du Haut Lao,' who had been this way and found no other outlet for their energy." At Korat, a Siamese town, "there were no French subjects, and there was no French trade; but a very charming consulate was being built at a cost of thirty thousand francs." Such trade as there is between Siam and the French colony is handicapped by excessive tariffs "and by the number of regulations which harass traders going in and out of French territory."

The various mines of tin and gems, rubies and sapphires, are described by Mr. Smyth minutely and with the aid of many technical terms, obscure to the ordinary reader. The general impression left is that in many places the mining industry has ceased to be profitable, partly from the exhaustion of the ore and the gem gravel, and partly from the lack of miners and the prevalence of malaria. In the case of Puket or Junk Ceylon, on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula, however, mining languishes because of the corruption and inefficiency of the local government.

The last chapter, on Siam in 1896-7, is an interesting review of what has been accomplished by the reformers, in which the author says that "the advance of the last eighteen months . . . far surpasses anything that Siam's best friends had dared hope for, and may well constitute a new departure in the history of the country." The most important reform is "the recent abolition of large numbers of gambling-dens, and the resolution to supersede gambling as a source of revenue by other and more wholesome taxes," in doing which the "Government has not only cut deep at the great national vice, but has indirectly hit hard at slavery." Statistics of trade, a description of the "ken" and Lao reed instruments, and of some features common to Siamese and ancient craft, are to be found with other subjects in the appendices. There are numerous illustrations, mostly from the author's sketches, and some excellent maps.

Fourfooted Americans and their Kin. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Edited by Frank M. Chapman. Illustrated by Ernest Seton Thompson. Macmillan Co. 1898. xvi, 432 pp. 8vo.

Experience with the literary proclivities of boys and girls has led to a certain scepticism on our part in regard to the popularity among them of books in which useful information is sought to be conveyed under the sugar-coating of a story. The amount of story required to disguise the didactic intent is rarely forthcoming, and the really interesting life histories of animals in a book on natural history are frequently obscured by the attempt to follow an entirely different line of thought, involving the *dramatis personæ* of the story. Nevertheless, since publishers are so willing to undertake them, books of this sort must find an audience to which they are not absolutely distasteful. The great success of even so faulty a book as the famous Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature' tends to support our belief that the straightforward method is preferable to the indirect.

However, if the latter is preferred, it is probable that no one has succeeded better since Mayne Reid than Mrs. Wright. In the present instance the scene is fixed on a farm in about the latitude of Pennsylvania, where a naturalist and his family and some city relatives are gathered, and from whence they explore the surrounding country, winter and summer, and, in the evenings, listen to informal lectures on the native mammals, more or less punctuated with popping corn and pulling candy. For all that concerns the accuracy of matters relating to the mammals, the reputation of Mr. Chapman is a sufficient guarantee; but in the incidental attempts to exhibit a simple scheme of zoological classification, other groups of animals are referred to, not always in the clearest or happiest manner. For instance (p. 35), jelly-fishes are defined as "round masses of clear, jelly-like stuff floating in the sea," which, so far as it conveys any idea at all, is certainly unsatisfactory, as well as more or less inaccurate. "Plant-like water animals that cannot move" is surely not a phrase which conveys any clear or correct idea of sponges. That "spiders *and scorpions*" are called Arachnidæ, from Arachne, the spinner, "because they spin webs," distinctly conveys a wrong idea of the scorpions. The mammals are the real subject of the book, and the accounts and anecdotes of them and their habits contain much of interest.

The illustrations call for almost unqualified praise. Mr. Thompson has here done for our common mammals what Fuentes did earlier for the birds; and no one familiar with animals in their native haunts will fail to recognize, with pleasure and approval, the masterly way in which their traits and expression are here delineated. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that these are the best small illustrations of our mammals ever brought together in a single volume. On the whole, the book is likely to prove attractive to nature-loving boys and girls, and, we hope, profitable to its authors and publishers.

Psychology for Teachers. By C. Lloyd Morgan. With a preface by Henry W. Jameson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898. 8vo, pp. 240.

After all that has appeared to make us feel how desirable it is that all sorts of teachers should be accomplished and subtle psychologists, a train of painful reflections is started by the sight of this volume, which, though pleasant reading and in the main sound psychology, is certainly not large, is slightly old-fashioned, and does not go very deep.

The worst of the book is that it is unscientific, that its author, for example, conveys the idea that association is a curious law, mainly useful in explaining trains of reverie and the like, and seems not to have bestowed much attention upon the penultimate constituents of cognition, while he mixes up together generalization and abstraction in familiar fashion. How far this may affect the usefulness of the volume depends upon how much stronger food the overtasked brain of our teachers (it is as much more criminal to overwork teachers than railway operatives as the disasters to be dreaded from the one are more important than the loss of a few years of life, which is the most the other is likely to result in) could bear. On the other hand, there is a good deal to commend in the book. It is gratifying to find the English terminology adhered to. It is not always thoroughly understood. Thus we read: "Let us now consider what is termed *association by similarity*. Personally, I should prefer the phrase *suggestion by similarity*, or, better, still, *suggestion by resemblance*." If Mr. Morgan prefers to use "resemblance" rather than "similarity," by all means let him do so, since that is the original term for which some writers have substituted "similarity" from mere carelessness. This sort of association is related to association by contiguity as a disposition to a habit. That is, instead of being forced upon the mind by experience, it is the arrangement of ideas the mind naturally uses. It is true, there is a pre-Kantian inaccuracy in the expression association by resemblance, for the resemblance is precisely that wherein the mind represents to itself the result of the association. The phrase speaks as if resemblance were a relation between abstract ideas in themselves. But we cannot remodel all accepted language wherever it offends against Kant.

Les Etudes Classiques et la Démocratie. Par Alfred Fouillée. Paris: Armand Colin. 1898.

We have here a contribution to the discussion concerning the "modernization" of the curriculum of baccalaureate studies in the *lycées*. Holders of elementary degrees being admissible to professional study as well as eligible for various Government appointments, the older and more exclusive system finds animated defenders among those who view with dismay the possible forcing of all reasonable barriers under de-

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mocratic or even proletarian pressure. Touching but cursorily on the abstract side of the question, M. Fouillée directs a sustained polemic, in a practical and patriotic spirit, against the levelling tendency ignorant of or hostile to the interests of higher culture, on the maintenance of which in its actual specific form and quality, he contends, the future of France entirely rests. In his opinion, sufficient unity in the training of youth would be preserved in a programme composed of French, Latin, history, and philosophy, while diversity of talents or taste might be allowed free range over other subjects, such as mathematics, natural and physical science, Greek, modern languages, and so forth. He refuses equally to place Greek on the same educational footing as Latin, and to admit any possibility of equivalence between the results of years of arduous training in Latin and what statistics have already declared to be the outcome of a shorter and incontestably easier modern-language course. To the last he assigns a strictly utilitarian function in the preparation of youths for agriculture, commerce, and colonial life; but since, as Balzac says, "quitter la France est, pour un Français, une situation funèbre," and since the advocates of "moderns" clamor for equal rights, the sole effect of the change will be the further overcrowding of professions and Government vacancies with candidates of inferior capacity and equipment. Philosophy, which has suffered severely under new regulations, would be restored by M. Fouillée to its old place, with the view of fostering the intellectual spirit and traditions to which France owes the continuity of her literary culture and her permanent rôle of enlightener of nations.

Neither the arguments nor the methods of scholarly conservatism in this volume will appear new to its readers. Professors the world over are apt to show anxiety when their own cherished studies are threatened with diminution of importance. But in this particular instance the opponents of M. Fouillée will find no small difficulty in attacking a case so admirably presented, so rigorously confined to the needs of the hour. Although deduced primarily from *à priori* considerations here and there open to question, the main contentions in this book are supported throughout with facts and official statistics not too numerous to be easily verified or disputed; and, according to their showing, the revision of the curriculum has already worked out in the manner predicted. Should the studies so seriously affected by these changes regain in process of time the ground they seem to have lost, much will doubtless be due to their vigorous defence by the veteran champion of ideal culture.

Italy and the Italians. By George B. Taylor, D.D. With Map and Illustrations. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 1898.

This is a book not altogether pleasant for a literary critic to discuss. The author is an estimable, useful, and lovable man, who is doing faithful work as a Baptist missionary in Italy; and of such men we must, and of their writings we would fain, speak in commendation only; but of this work we cannot do so in good conscience. It consists of several loosely connected papers closely resembling those evening lectures which rural clergymen are wont to deliver before their parish societies after a vacation spent in Europe. The first two are on "the making of Italy," and the author has not put his best foot foremost in giving them that place; for they show in him an utter incapacity for historical writing. The style is careless; there is no continuity in the story, no proportion in the attention paid to the several periods discussed, no sense of the relative value of facts; and, worst of all, these papers are often misleading, especially for a public needing to be told, for example, the names and nature of the works of Dante, from among which, by the way, the 'Vita Nuova' is omitted.

We cannot better illustrate what we have just said than by quoting the essential parts of a passage from the first paper. The italics are ours:

"Glorious were the free cities of Italy; but *as their power waned* they were without defence against the spoiler. . . . Italy's beauty was a source of danger. . . . It was no wonder that Napoleon Bonaparte *coveted her and that she became his easy prey. When Napoleon fell, Austria succeeded to his supremacy in Italy. . . . Venice and Lombardy now became a part of the Austrian Empire*, etc."

One seldom meets with anything more inaccurate than all this. The defenceless condition of Italy was due not so much to the waning power of her free cities, as to the fact that, while they remained divided and often hostile among themselves, their neighbors, France, the German Empire, and Spain, had been consolidated into comparatively homogeneous and formidable powers. It was not Napoleon Bonaparte who coveted and invaded Italy in 1796, but an army of the Directory, of which he was merely the General. How "easy" his task was may be judged from the desperate battles which made him so famous in that campaign; nor was it the Italians, but the Austrians, against whom he had to contend. What unhistorical reader would not suppose that Austria's first period of dominion in Italy was when she succeeded to Napoleon's supremacy there? As to Venice and Lombardy, Venice was handed over to Austria's tender mercies by the treaty of Campo Formio, October 17, 1797, nearly twenty years before Napoleon's fall, while Milan and Lombardy had been continuously an Austrian possession since the peace of Rastadt, in 1714. After all this, when the author alludes to Filicaja's famous line, "Deh ! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte," and adds that in Napoleon's day, "and for half a century after," Italy "might well wish to be less lovely or more strong," an ill-disposed reviewer might affect to believe that he shared the error of King Murat, who took Filicaja to be a contemporary, and was for having him shot for calling the French "Gallici armenti," "that Gallic herd." Not so we. Dr. Taylor certainly knew better; and we only refer to the passage as an illustration of his loose style of writing.

The period between 1834 and 1871 is better treated, but with the same want of method and the same absence of all regard for what the artists call "values." Gioberti, for example, is not even mentioned, great as was his influence and that of his books as a factor in preparing the Italian revolution of 1848, while we are treated to an anecdote about a certain Florentine baker, Beppo Dolfi (p. 45), "whom ten thousand men would follow to the death" (but did not), and who, after lending efficient help to Ricasoli in keeping order in Tuscany, refused a decoration from Victor Emmanuel, saying, "It is honor enough for me to bake good bread for the people of Florence"—a good, worthy man; but the author adds, "Ancient Rome in its palmiest days may equal, but cannot surpass this!" Alas, poor Cincinnatus! poor Fabricius! It is evident that, in writing these chapters, as indeed throughout the book, the author used such materials as he had happened to collect, without regard to their intrinsic value. We could multiply examples, were not those given already *satis superque*.

A paper of some interest on the Italian dynasty and Constitution is followed by the account of a tour through Italy, and a chapter on Rome. Here we find again the same careless writing. The author speaks (p. 115) of the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele in Milan as "the Gallery of Victor Emmanuel," which is just like calling Cortlandt Street "the street of Cortlandt"; he speaks (p. 116) of "manuscripts *and* palimpsests," as if palimpsests were not manuscripts, and he speaks of the "*legend*," "Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana," meaning "proverb" or "saying." On p. 125 we read, "chestnut *trees*, which take the place of grain as food." There is much more of this sort of thing than we wish to note, or have space for.

Much more profitable and interesting reading are the papers which follow, on "Traits and Customs," "The Home," "The Army, Industries, Lottery, Emigration," etc. Here the author sometimes gives us the impressions of a practical man, but mixed with much that will be recognized by many readers as borrowed from the 'Ventre di Napoli' of Matilde Serao (whom Dr. Taylor calls Serrao) and from Bazin's recent book on Italy. This mixture is unfortunate, as we should often like to know upon whose authority a statement rests; but the author's borrowings are covered by a general acknowledgment in the preface. The concluding papers, on "The Strength and Weakness of Romanism" and on "The Evangelization of Italy," are less generally attractive; but, as might be expected, far sounder than anything else in the book. Dr. Taylor was personally acquainted with De Sanctis, Gavazzi, Malan, Mazzarella, and many others of the Italian apostles of Protestantism.

It would be vain to look in this book for any broad views, or anything beyond the most superficial considerations on Italian art and literature. But there is a good deal of practical sense in some of these papers; and readers who do not know Italy will be interested in many small matters which struck Dr. Taylor as they strike every newcomer. We have observed a good many errors of the press. Thus (p. 8), Pellico is said to have been confined "at Spielberg," which is a village in Bavaria, instead of "in the Spielberg," which is a fortress near Brünn, in Moravia. On p. 15 Plombières is printed Piombières; on p. 130 a statue is said to be of "historic" size, meaning, we suppose, "heroic," as the reference is to Michelangelo's David. The portrait of Queen Margherita is inscribed "Queen Margarheta," the *h* having lost its way among the other letters, both here and in the list of the illustrations. Of these, by the way, there are some fifty, many of them interesting enough, scattered through the volume, often without any sort of connection with the neighboring letterpress, and apparently intended merely to relieve the eye and the attention of the reader. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with Italian

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views, it might have been better to name them, though they can be identified by their page in the list at the beginning of the book. In one case the façade of St. Mark's, Venice, is given (p. 115) in the very midst of a discussion on the façade of another cathedral, that of Milan. Much allowance should be made in such matters for an author who prints his book from a distance of three thousand miles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Gunner Aboard the Yankee. From the Diary of Number Five of the After Port Gun. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.50.
Becke, Louis. Rodman the Boatsteerer, and Other Stories. London: Unwin; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Caird, John. University Addresses. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan $1.25.
De Forrest, J. W. A Lover's Revolt. Longmans, Green & Co.
Elson, L. C. Great Composers and their Work. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Fisher, Sydney G. The True Benjamin Franklin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Gannon, Anna. The Song of Stradella, and Other Songs: Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Habberton, John. With the Dream-Maker. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. 50c.
Ireland, Mary E. An Obstinate Maid. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25.
Jókai, Maurus. Midst the Wild Carpathians. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Knott, A. L. Relation of Some Political Transactions in Maryland, 1861-1867. Baltimore: S. B. Nelson.
Latimer, Elizabeth W. My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50.
Maclaren, Ian. Afterwards, and Other Stories. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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